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Notes of the Week

UNTIL some intelligible explanation is given of the doings in Washington and at home with regard to the Navy we shall continue to return to the subject. We would urge upon our readers to keep before their minds the fact that the naval supremacy of England, so hardly won, so gloriously maintained, and, we would add, so honestly and worthily used, was apparently given away in the course of a few days without any attempt being made to examine thoroughly the real origin and inspiration of the arrangements proposed. We almost blush to suggest that we regard England's command of the seas as a precious heritage received in trust, and in trust to be handed on; so unfashionable do such sentiments now appear. But we would say this: that if the world is now to be governed by conferences and bargaining at tables, we must have something to bargain with; and that when we have given away our naval supremacy, disbanded our army, and lost our foreign markets, there will be very little indeed for us to put on the table.

Mr. Lloyd George is beaten. Against his better judgment and his obvious interest, he has yielded to the pressure of his Conservative supporters and postponed a General Election. This, though it may not be the end of Mr. Lloyd George, is the end of his omnipotent sway over the present Coalition. We should welcome this result were it not for the fact that the one and only thought of the component parts of the present administration is, how best to retain themselves in power. For a continuance in Parliament they are willing to sacrifice every tradition. The squabbling, the intrigue, and the blatant self-interest in which the party campaigns are now being launched is nauseating. The Die-Hard influence has been uppermost in the postponement of the General Election, and it is a sinister commentary on the integrity of that junto that it is compelling the present administration to remain in office in order to pass the Irish Bill, the principles of which it has sedulously and relentlessly opposed. From their attitude in the last session, the electorate had at least the right to

expect that they would have the courage to carry their case to the last tribunal of appeal.

There is only one thing to do with a wasting army and that is to lead it into battle. The nerve of the general, however, has failed at the last moment. The Prime Minister has made the mistake of Disraeli after the Berlin Congress. Every day he delays his chances of victory wane and his followers diminish and desert. What is the superstition which clouds his judgment? Who is the ghost that haunts him? Mr. Bonar Law. Untiringly, unceasingly, insidiously, has Jonathan schemed against David. How cleverly he waits for the hour of his destiny! He would have wrecked the Irish Peace. For a moment it seemed to him that his chance had come. But a canvass taken in the Conservative Party showed him that it had not. So he supported the Prime Minister. It looked as if the Prime Minister was safe for an indefinite time and so Mr. Bonar Law was almost willing to join him. He went to Cannes. Suddenly Sir George Younger's opposition and Lord Derby's protest showed him that his chance might still lie on the other side. His notion was confirmed by the resolution of the Carlton Club. Thus has Cannes proved to be but the prelude to Canossa. Mr. Lloyd George may yet hand over his sword to Mr. Bonar Law.

The Conservatives will lead Mr. Lloyd George to Canossa indeed, if they can make him who wrecked the House of Lords the instrument of its rehabilitation. This is the price which Mr. Bonar Law exacts for his support, knowing full well that the Prime Minister will employ every ruse to avoid such a contingency. The House of Lords is the second round. In the first Mr. Bonar Law did not continue the fight. What will be the issue of the second? It has now been discovered that both these astute politicians gave their pledge to the electorate to reform the upper chamber. Of course Mr. Bonar Law, being an honest man, will stick to his pledges. The case of Ireland was somewhat different. We forget precisely why.

The situation in India shows little or no improvement, and if what has taken place in the Punjab is an example of what is going on elsewhere, none could be looked for. On Tuesday of last week the Punjab Government refused to withdraw the two Acts under which the recent arrests were made, but *next day* it decided to remit the sentence of rigorous imprisonment passed on Lala Jajpat Rai, the dangerous agitator, and of many others who had been convicted of sedition. More than that, it also decided to inquire into the legality of the sentences under the Prevention of Seditious Meetings Act. What can be the result of such a policy of vacillation? At the conference of political leaders held at Bombay on Monday, Gandhi said that self-government on a Dominion basis must be granted, and refused to discontinue preparations for civil disobedience or the enlistment of volunteers. In the meantime the campaign of civil disobedience had started in several districts in Madras, Bengal, and Assam, where many declined to pay their taxes. According to an exulting statement of the Gandhi organ, the Government collections are in arrears to the extent of several lakhs of rupees! We ask, as we have asked before, why does the Indian Government allow Gandhi to be a

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The signature of the agreement between representatives of the workers and managers of the railway companies is the healthiest development of Trade Union activity in recent times. It will bring into operation a system of joint railway councils empowered to deal with the local application of national agreements concerning salaries, wages, hours of duty and conditions of service, and is designed to achieve co-operation in promoting increased business, greater efficiency and economy. We have always held that Trade Unions could bring about the transformation of the industrial system if they concentrated their full force on industrial rather than political pressure. The natural line of progress of the working class community is the achievement of democratic government in industry, just as the natural line of political progress is the achievement of democratic control of the political machine. Politics have been corrupted, millions of pounds of Trades Union funds have been dissipated, the purse of the taxpayer has been involved, and the general happiness and prosperity of the community has suffered by workers and employers using the political machine to achieve their respective industrial ends.

If this agreement indicates, as we trust it does, that the State is not a weapon to be captured for sectional advantage, and that an organization native to trade or industry is the proper medium through which industrial reform can be brought about, we hope it will prove a precedent for the inauguration of a new industrial era. In concluding this agreement with the railway directors Labour is only following the development of the Commons in Parliament. The Commons began by asserting that a redress of grievances should precede a vote of supply, and eventually solved their difficulties by themselves carrying on the legislative body. This may well be the ultimate development of industry. If the workers will only keep the model of political democracy before them and abandon their pressure on the State and the community, industry will be more happily administered and politics will be cleaner.

The disastrous situation in the coal trade, in which the colliery owners are refusing to work Part II. of the Mining Industry Act which sets up pit committees, district committees, area boards, and a national board on which both owners and men shall be represented, on the face of it presents a striking contrast to the amicable arrangement for a similar organization between directors and men on the railways. The explanation of the apparent contrast lies in the fact that the railway agreement is voluntary, whereas the proposed committees and boards for the mining industry are imposed upon the parties by statute. The vice of outside political pressure on industry, or outside industrial pressure upon politics, is that it leads logically to Direct Action. Industry and politics must both learn that pressure must come from inside and not from without. Industry has a further lesson to learn, which the body politic has already mastered, namely, that the meaning of democratic government is that an interest must not merely make representations but must be represented. We are convinced that the mine owners know this as well as the men, and would be the first to carry it out in spirit if the miners were not perennially appealing to the political machine to use its weight on their side.

The rebuke to the County Council electorate implied in the manifesto issued by the Municipal Reform Party concerning the approaching election is well merited. By their apathy towards these elections the public is truly "contributing to the downfall of popular government," by placing power in the hands of those who use it to further Socialist and Communist ends—for it is notorious that the supporters of the extremists are not slow to rush in where the constitutionalists dis-

dain to tread. Yet though they will not register their votes the public are eager to register their grievances; and it is reasonable to suggest that if they are interested in the policy of municipal governments they should play their part in shaping that policy by the power of the ballot-box.

Mr. Julian Huxley's lecture last Wednesday before the Royal Society of Arts on the determination of sex may be likened to Huckleberry Finn's description of the 'Pilgrim's Progress': "the statements in it was interestin' but tough." Should the theories he propounded concerning an intermediate human sex be ultimately proved sound, the attitude of both the law and ethics towards moral perversion will, as he says, have to be revised. But he went further and stated there is a distinct possibility that "cases of sexual perversion may be cured by injection or grafting," in which event the whole problem may be conveniently solved. His lecture bore out in every way the contention of the recent article in the SATURDAY REVIEW on 'Abnormality and Crime,' and we have little doubt that science will eventually compel a recasting of values in this unpleasant matter.

It is being suggested that the Chinese Delegates are holding out not because they themselves wish to do so, but because they are being egged on by some Americans who desire the Conference to fail. Doubtless there are such Americans—and we sympathize with them. But it may be pointed out that the state of feeling in China is so acute that her Delegates would hardly dare return home unless they obtained substantial concessions from Japan, and of these there are few signs. Japan has been trying to negotiate direct with the Peking Government, but it is possible enough that the days of that Government, weak in any case, are already numbered. In September last we drew attention to the appearance of General Wu Pei-fu in Mid-China as an opponent of Chang Tso-lin, super-Tuchun of Manchuria, who controls that Government, and is pro-Japanese. General Wu, a genuine patriot and the most pronounced anti-Japanese man in China, is regarded by the most enlightened Chinese as the hope of their country. His fine fighting quality has caused him to be styled the "Ever-Victorious," and he has just issued an ultimatum to the Peking Government to resign. This action must precipitate the conflict between himself and Chang, the chief of the reactionaries. The immediate fate of China is bound up in it.

China still holds the field at Washington, and in spite of all entreaties to the contrary is likely to hold it for some time. Her Delegation, by sticking to their guns, have at last achieved some success. No real progress has been made towards a settlement of the Shantung question, but Mr. Hughes has been compelled by their determination, backed by a sufficiently formidable expression of American opinion in their favour, to consent to bring the notorious Twenty-one Demands, which were pressed upon China by Japan in 1915, before the Conference. This reopens a much bigger question than even that of Shantung, and will lead to fresh difficulties and further delay. Mr. Hughes, however, coupled his consent with the condition that the Shantung problem must be solved before the Twenty-one Demands are to be considered, but as the deadlock over Shantung still continues the Conference is in reality merely marking time. This sort of thing cannot go on indefinitely. What is certain is that the longer the Conference lasts the less likely is the ratification of its various Pacts by the Senate, in which the opposition to them is gaining ground. Meanwhile the extravagant expectations aroused at the beginning of the Conference, against indulgence in which we have consistently warned our readers, appear to be dying away.

Poland remains in possession of Vilna and the Vilna district. This is not because of the manipulated elections that took place there last week under Polish auspices, and resulted according to plan in a majority for the Poles, but because of the initial failure of the League of Nations to take effective action when Zeligowski occupied the city some fifteen months ago. That failure has now been greatly accentuated by the decision of the Council of the League—that is, the permanent executive of the League—to terminate the “procedure of conciliation,” which it began last March with a view to effecting an agreement between the Poles and the Lithuanians with regard to the disputed territory, but which was unsuccessful. In despair, it might seem, the Council has simply written off from its books the whole Vilna question! As this dispute, however, is one which involves the possibility of war, the duty of the Council was not to act in this way, but to seek peace and ensue it in some other manner. Surely the question might have been referred to the Court of International Justice? Or, more summarily, to a neutral arbitrator? Lithuania has asked the Council to call the attention of the Supreme Council to the gravity of the situation.

Up to a few days ago the Zionists were greatly perturbed by a report, apparently with some authority behind it, that decisions adverse to them with respect to the future of Palestine might be expected shortly. It was stated that our Government had reconsidered the question, and had come to the conclusion that the Zionist reading of the famous Balfour declaration could not be enforced without grave injustice to the non-Zionist population of the country. It seemed as if Pan-Arab propaganda, which is strong in London, Cairo, Jerusalem, and Baghdad, was about to score a victory second only to that which placed the Emir Feisal on the throne of Mesopotamia, and the Zionists were proportionately discouraged. It is very notable, therefore, that in an address at a reception at the British Embassy at Washington, in honour of the Zionist organization in America, Mr. Balfour reaffirmed his support of the Zionist aspirations, and said he stood where he had stood when he made his declaration in 1917 that Palestine should be the national home of the Jewish people. As Mr. Balfour must be taken as representing the view of the British Government, the matter might be regarded as settled—if we did not know the Government.

The arrest of an Oxford don, and his exoneration without being called upon to put in his defence, on a charge of insulting behaviour which *might* have led to a breach of the peace, is another of the frequent illustrations of the changing character of our police force. Policemen, magistrates and the community must realize that it is quite foreign to our best traditions of law and justice to arrest persons who have committed no actual offence against public order. The police force only exists to supplement the duties of the citizen himself in restraining actual breaches of order. It is not there to arrest persons who might, or might not, in certain circumstances, have committed a wrong. In the past year there has been an overwhelming number of instances in which persons of a reputable character have been put on their trial for the offence of insulting behaviour. In almost every case they have been found, in the first instance or on appeal, to be innocent. The mere fact that they have been put in the dock by the police is an injury to their reputation. The sinister aspect of these cases is that the accused have never been confronted by their accusers. Police evidence has been considered sufficient. The policeman, happily, is not an expert like a doctor, whose word is the last word.

The tragic death of Group-Captain Scott is a serious blow to the Royal Air Force. Going in for flying when he was much older than the average flying officer, he justified brilliantly the prescience of the selecting officers who steadily held to the view that, youthful genius like Captain Ball's apart, the best flying men were to be found amongst those who had been bred to ride to hounds or who were expert at sailing a boat. While the other services, both of our allies and our enemies, were concentrating on men with experience of motoring, the selectors of our own candidates for commissions, amongst whom Lord Hugh Cecil ought specially to be remembered, were inflexibly keeping to the rule that no chauffeurs, amateur or professional, need apply, and that what they wanted were the young men with that combination of daring, coolness and resource which you can get in the hunting field and nowhere else except in the narrow waters and strong tides that surround our coasts.

Captain Scott was a particularly brilliant example of the success of this kind of selection. He was a fearless rider to hounds, and when he was at Oxford was Master of the University Drag. When he broke both his legs in a flying accident shortly after his transference to the Air Force, he persisted, and ultimately with success, in continuing to be a pilot, believing, like his comrade and friend, “Bron” Lucas, that flying was a kind of sedentary fighting which a lame man could successfully do. He ended his career at the front as Commander of the 60th Squadron, which had more V.C.s to its credit than any other unit in France. The Lord Chancellor, who was an intimate friend of his, said in his eloquent note in the *Times* the other day that Captain Scott reminded him of Mr. Valiant in ‘The Pilgrim's Progress.’ In fact, he had been celebrated in advance under another name drawn from the same great book, for surely Mr. John Buchan's ‘Mr. Standfast,’ the crippled airman who went up and died fighting over the line, could have been founded on nobody else.

The differences within the Church of England upon points of dogma have found open expression in the appeal to the Primate for the trial of the Rev. H. D. A. Major on a charge of heresy. We deplore this action no less than the differences which prompted it, for no good purpose can be served at this time by the advertising of internal dissension. As the Dean of Durham insinuated in a recent letter to the *Times*, the world in many of its actions to-day is manifesting a Christian spirit independent of the Church, which does not lead but lags behind. We have no desire to add to the difficulties of a sorely criticized body; but the Church is repeatedly asking to be told how it has failed, and in answer we would say, by being too concerned with dogma and too little with life. Frankly, the question of whether they are to survive beyond the grave with their earthly bodies or without them is too unsubstantial a consideration to appeal to men who are yet looking in vain to the Church for some guidance through the complex business of life on this planet. It is a little early to talk of reunion with other churches until internal differences have been composed; and for that, a Christian spirit of toleration is essential.

Professor Lethaby has well deserved the little celebration of his birthday in the Hall of the Art Workers' Guild on Wednesday, when many of his friends and admirers gathered, spite of the celebration of Molière at the British Academy, which unfortunately coincided. An address was read, and arrangements have been made for the publication of Mr. Lethaby's hitherto ungarnished papers. The scholar in Mr. Lethaby has absorbed the producing architect and designer, but the scholarship and the writing have been enriched by a close know-

ledge of the art of building and the presence of an imagination at once delicate and learned. The architect moreover, now that the Professor has retired, is installed in the most congenial retreat conceivable for him; the Surveyorship of Westminster Abbey, where he is even now revealing the ancient painting of the tombs, fresh under layers of dirt. We salute a worthy disciple of William Morris, and wish him many happy birthdays.

It seems a mere platitude to remark that books are primarily intended to be read. Yet there are many books which, for reasons of printing, binding or personal association, have also an interest as *objets d'art*, and occasionally one of our museums holds a special exhibition of such volumes. We do not think, however, that it has occurred to any London dealer to hold a book-show, such as that given recently by a big New York firm, who issued a special catalogue for the occasion, with prices only "to be known on application"—as is done ordinarily with exhibitions of pictures—however commercial in intent. The innovation is one which, were it to be followed in London, would surely add much to the artistic amenities of the town; and the dealers would, we think, find that they did not lose by it. The normal person is at least as interested, potentially, in beautiful books as in beautiful pictures, and the custom of frequenting exhibitions of books, as of paintings, could it be established, would certainly in the long run benefit the professional dealer (in whose hands the matter is, of course), by the stimulus given to the interest of the ordinary educated man and woman in typographical and bibliographical matters.

THE SICK MAN OF DOWNING STREET

SIR GEORGE YOUNGER and the other heirs presumptive of the moribund Coalition are behaving in an unseemly fashion. In order to avoid the death duties they are anxious to take over the inheritance *inter vivos*. They wish to receive the gilded chamber without encumbrances. They would even persuade the dying tenant to dismiss, on his death-bed, his large and unwieldy staff of servants, military, naval, and civil, that they may not themselves incur the odium. They pump drugs into his flesh that he may acquire sufficient energy to make administrative reforms upon the estate which they are to receive. Lacking the courage to seal the bond with Ireland or the greater courage to break it, they would even hold the hand of the sick man while he signs the parchment. Yes, it certainly appears that the inheritance is goodly—with the mortgages paid off, old feuds appeased, easements abandoned, and no restrictive covenants. Provided that the title deeds are not disputed Sir George and his friends may survey their broad acres, draw in their breath with satisfaction as they stretch their arms and say "At last! The earth is ours and the fulness thereof." Is it surprising that the dying tenant turns to his younger son? Mr. McCurdy at any rate has a heart, though he always has his hand upon it. He does not care about the gilded chamber. He wants to retain the servants—the civil ones at all events. He does not want administrative reform. He wants to make a splash. He wants to give doles to the tenants, houses to everyone. His policy is to provide free doctors, free milk, free education, free everything—provided he does not pay the bill.

There is, of course, the possibility that the sick man may not die. But if he lives he can certainly no longer rely on Sir George Younger. He will have to adopt someone else. It does not matter whether he adopts someone else, whether he "fuses" with someone else, or "co-operates" with someone else, or goes along as he is going on, His Majesty's Government will con-

tinue to be conducted by a set of men who have not considered the primary and fundamental question of statesmanship: *What is the relation which the State should bear to the community?* The Coalition and both wings of it, the Liberal party and both branches of it, the Conservative party and its three or four component juntas have essentially the same political philosophy—the purchase of votes by promissory notes of social reform. Yet the course of any party which does not revise its categories will be impeded by two facts which stand out like rocks—the poverty of the country and the vastness of the national debt. A revulsion from social reform has come, not as a result of a revision of theory, but as a result of the difficulty of raising money. This is a pity, for it means not the abandonment but a postponement of extravagant programmes. There is no sign whatever that any of the great parties have considered the possibility of achieving all the objects of social reform through other media than the State. They have not considered whether it is possible to educate, to house, to insure, to pension helpless persons through other agencies, of a voluntary co-operative or endowed kind. They have not as yet seen, or even speculated upon, the enormous vistas that are opened by such alternatives to the State as it has been our consistent policy to propound. They have got into a groove of thought in which the State, with its cumbrous, clanging, relentless, and costly machinery, is considered to be the only instrument which can buttress up the shiftless, thriftless, or genuinely unfortunate citizen against the vagaries of life.

Persons who oppose the performance of charitable offices by the State are frequently greeted by politicians and other thoughtless people with the rebuke that they are harsh or mean. This may sometimes be the case. For our part we have every desire to see that no man shall lack the opportunities of a complete life. We do not believe that that complete life can ever be conferred upon him by the eleemosynary enterprises of an outside agency. It can, however, be gained in its fullest and most real sense by the willing combination of individuals or the unaided efforts of determined men. But there is a point at which the improvisator and the theorist meet. They meet, for instance, in this case on the platform of economy. From now on, and for a number of years to come, the Budget must assume more modest dimensions. At this point we are confronted with a paradox. It is the second of the rocks to which we just referred. The more expenditure is reduced, the greater looms the national debt. With an annual expenditure of about £1,200,000,000, as at present, an interest on the National Debt of £345,000,000 is but a bashful percentage. When, however, we come to have, as we hope soon to have, an annual Budget of £700,000,000, we shall begin to realise that 10s. in every £ of our taxation will go, not towards the redemption of, but towards the interest on loans contracted merely for the purpose of waging a war. This is the rock on which political principles, if the parties have come to have any by that time, will split. When we reach this point each and every political party will have to consider whether it retains its theoretical belief in social reform. What will happen?

The Labour party, which owes its very existence in Parliament to its promises to use the national finance for the purpose of distributing alms, will prefer to scrap the interest on the National Debt rather than forsake Social Reform. It will advocate either the cessation of payment of the interest or a forced loan. Those who still believe in social reform will be in this dilemma: either they will have to admit that it is ridiculous to go on raising £1,000,000 per day for the payment of interest on the debt, or they will have to advocate the abandonment of State enterprise. If they take the latter course they will expose the shallowness of their own pretensions; for, obviously, no price can be too great when education, roofs and old age pensions are

at stake. They will have to admit that there is a certain inconsistency between cutting down grants to men who served in the war and to their dependents, and subsidies to those whose unemployment is attributable to the war, when those who merely lent money for the purposes of war continue to be paid in full. When such a dilemma arises the Liberal party, if it follow its present trend, will come down on the Labour side; the Conservative party will advocate, if it pursue its present tendencies, the mere postponement of State activities. But before such a dilemma does arise, we fervently hope that the parties will each and all have considered the train of thought which we have placed before them. They are warned in ample time. Let them utilize this opportunity for reflecting on the alternatives to State action. That is the prudent, as it is the honourable course. A party with such objects in view could, in the present state of public opinion, achieve power tomorrow. Once in power it could divert the whole energies of Government from present preoccupations to constructive economy at home, to the repayment of the capital of the national debt.

Now is the time, when the Coalition, in accordance with the well-proven laws of physics, being relieved of that circumambient pressure which alone preserves the unity of physical bodies, is splitting up into its ultimate atoms, to reconstruct anew our vision of politics, to readjust our perspective, to revise our categories, to consider the proper relationship of the State to the community. It is because we see this golden opportunity for infusing into our decaying politics a freshness, a vitality and an honesty, that we refrain from treating the situation with that vampire joy which seems to be uppermost in the breasts of political partisans of whatever colour.

WHAT DOES FRANCE WANT?

THESE lines are written before M. Poincaré has met the Chamber, and there is, therefore, still an element of conjecture in the situation as between France and ourselves, concerning the policy which the new French Government is to pursue. In the first place, however, it ought to be said quite definitely that the attitude adopted by the daily Press in England, however apparently correct it may be, is not in accordance with the facts. To say that the change of Government in France is a matter of domestic politics, and that we have no concern in the internal politics of our ally and no opinion to offer one way or another as to who is French Prime Minister, is a foolish evasion of the reality. For the truth is that M. Briand fell through a combination of Presidential pressure and internal dissension in his own Ministry, on an issue which had nothing whatever to do with internal politics at all, and, in fact, had no meaning except in so far as Anglo-French relations were concerned. As the foreign policy of France is the sole vital issue in French politics at the moment, and as the cardinal point of her foreign policy is whether or not she can secure a clear understanding with this country on our common share in the reconstruction of Europe, the question of who is French Prime Minister and what his policy is going to be interests us very much indeed.

M. Poincaré from this point of view is a little enigmatic. He has constantly expressed feelings of friendliness to this country. He made his visit to Glasgow as Lord Rector of the University the occasion of a memorable address on the relations between France and Scotland, whose traditional friendliness is not a negligible part of the general basis of sympathy between the two countries. As Prime Minister in 1912, and afterwards as President, there can be no question that his efforts were directed towards strengthening the Entente, which developed into an alliance on the declaration of war. On the other hand, a man is apt to be known by the company he keeps, and it is to us significant and a

little disquieting that M. Poincaré should have chosen as his Deputy Prime Minister (a title which, if we are not mistaken, is new to French politics) M. Barthou, the only French politician who can be convicted, or credited, with having delivered since the Armistice a quite definitely anti-English speech. The downfall of M. Briand was, no doubt, immediately caused by the intervention of the President; but the intervention of of the President can certainly be conjectured to have been stimulated by M. Barthou, and on the "house that Jack built" principle, that statesman in the Poincaré Ministry can plausibly regard himself as "Jack."

It is not for an instant to be supposed that the Poincaré Ministry will profess or hold views of an anti-British kind. They want—even M. Barthou wants—British co-operation, at a price. They realize quite well how much co-operation with this country means to them. On our assistance depends the whole fabric of French finance. A definite determination by France to go her own way would send the franc tumbling down to the sixties and seventies. The knowledge that England and France were completely separated, instead of more or less united, would profoundly modify the whole situation in the near and middle East and produce developments in Syria and Asia Minor which might be somewhat surprising. It may, therefore, be taken as certain that the maintenance of an Entente, and even perhaps the foundation of an alliance, will be part of the policy of the new Ministry. It will be, however, an Entente on terms; that is to say, we shall be invited to assume obligations of a character which no previous British Government has ever contemplated. We shall be asked, for instance, to guarantee Poland against German attack. No previous British agreement with any foreign power has ever stipulated obligations for this country in North-Eastern Europe. In the whole ebb and flow of our intrusions into the continental system the spring tide of our diplomacy has never gone so far as that. We may be asked to increase our army; we may be asked to allow France a free hand to carry out in the strictest sense the terms of the Treaty, and to occupy German territory should compliance on the part of our late enemies fail, while we shall remain in the position of protecting France from the consequences of a not unnatural reaction. Finally, we may be asked to give France the right to break certain pre-war treaties to which she and ourselves, together with ex-enemy and neutral powers, were parties, in the interests of a Mediterranean policy which would not be likely to appeal to British interests.

There lies the centre of the problem, which is: what are to be the conditions of an alliance or, more limitedly, of a pact? Our conditions, in so far as they have been stated or can be inferred from the policy of the Prime Minister, are in the direction of removing from European politics any element of adventurousness or imperialism. The French conditions seem to be likely to make the pact not so much a question of defence against German aggression as insurance against its consequences if it is provoked. For the moment we can leave it at that, but there is one final word to be said. A tendency has been apparent in the French Press in the last two or three days, and in England in the utterances of such Francophile statesmen and newspapers as Lord Derby and the *Morning Post*, to assume that the proposed pact is a necessity for ourselves, and that France, which is assumed to have protected us against German aggression, confers a benefit upon us by protecting us still further. For France or for any section of English public opinion to enjoy this kind of delusion is very foolish indeed. The beginning and end of the proposed pact is to remove from the minds of the French people the obsession that a crushed and beaten Germany can again successfully attack France, devastate its richest industrial regions and endanger once more its political existence. The pact has no other reason whatsoever. It begins and ends there, and it has to be justified on that ground, and that alone.

HYMNS AND HUMBUG

DOINGS AT A SEANCE

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE TAKES ME TO HEAR SPIRIT VOICES, AND I DISCOVER
SELF-DECEPTION AND HUMBUG

By FILSON YOUNG

SOME months ago I came across an extremely interesting and impressive little book by Sir A. Conan Doyle called 'The Vital Message.'^{*} It is a simple, straightforward statement of the theory of spiritualism, and gives in plain language the author's reason for believing that the spirits of the dead take material forms, show themselves to us in their bodies, and speak to us in their own voices. When I say that I bought several copies of this book and sent them to my friends, amongst others to my own mother, who, inevitably nearing the crossing from earthly life, would be interested and concerned in such a matter, I hope I have said enough to show that my interest was genuine and sympathetic.

I have known Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for many years, delighted in his short stories and liked and admired his stalwart, straightforward personality; and having seen very little of him since the war, I felt, on reading his book, that I could take his assurance as to matters of evidence as that of a person who was not likely easily to be imposed upon. I told him how much I liked his book, and how disposed I was to make further study and investigation of the subject. I felt it indeed to be a duty to do so, and to beware of a possible mental indolence, which might tempt one to assume that the unknown and inexplicable were necessarily the untrue and impossible. He was most kind in sending me books; and he offered to arrange for me a séance at which I should be able to judge for myself that the phenomena testified to by so many did actually occur. I gladly accepted this invitation; my mind on the subject was open and sympathetic; and it would not be too much to say that I believed it possible that I was on the threshold of an experience which might change my whole outlook upon life. I am one of those, neither believers nor sceptics, who find so much wonder and mystery in life as we know it that the possibilities of the hidden and the unknown seem infinite.

On the appointed day, therefore, I went to lunch with Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle at the Grosvenor Hotel. I was told that a séance had been arranged at a house in Highgate with a medium called Mrs. Johnson, who had extraordinary powers of summoning presences which manifested themselves in speech; and that about half-a-dozen other people, some of whom had never attended a séance before, and were, like myself, sympathetically interested in the subject, had been invited to make up the circle. I observed that Sir Arthur, alone of the party, took no lunch, as he said that he was in a more spiritual frame of mind when without food. He and his wife spoke of "the work" as missionaries speak; literature, the affairs of the world, were hardly touched upon; only the wonders of revelation, and the folly and blindness of those who would not see. After luncheon Sir Arthur assembled his guests and gave us a little address as to the frame of mind in which we should approach the séance. He said that we should approach it in a religious frame of mind. He told us that the voices we should first hear would be those of the medium's "guides"—spirits who habitually came to her, talked in their natural voices of their own concerns, and were in favourable cases conductors of other spirits, possibly friends or relations of those present, to the circle. We were

told that two of these "guides" were soldiers who had been killed in the war, one a lad from Glasgow, and another a Lancashire man; that we should hear their ordinary talk, probably silly, possibly amusing, and even perhaps a little vulgar—what one might have expected if one had been listening to them in life. Sir Arthur further said that as we were all known to each other there could be no possibility of collusion or fraud. I must observe that though he introduced us, we were not all known to each other; I had never met any of the people before. One was the wife of a member of Parliament, with her sister; another was a public singer; another was the secretary of some spiritualistic society, and of course a believer; another was a stranger who had written in the sorrow of bereavement to Sir Arthur, asking him if he could give her some help or light, and his reply had been to invite her to come and see for herself; another was an ardent spiritualist who was engaged in scientific research. Sir Arthur told us that the séance would take place in a house at Highgate, kindly lent for that purpose by a retired Indian Colonel, himself an enthusiastic spiritualist; "and therefore," Sir Arthur somewhat naively remarked, "we may put all question of trickery or trap-doors out of the question." I told Sir Arthur that the spirit in which I was approaching the thing was not a religious spirit but one of sympathetic curiosity; and he quite accepted that attitude.

II

On arriving at the house at Highgate we were received by the retired Colonel, and waited in his drawing-room until the medium, Mrs. Johnson, should appear. The time was occupied by the exhibition of some alleged spirit photographs, taken by the scientific member of our party; they represented faces surrounded by a drapery of what looked like white chiffon but which I was assured was ectoplasm—that disagreeable mystic substance, of the nature of india-rubber, which is said to ooze from all the orifices of the medium's body, and if touched to go back with a snap. I noticed that there was no desire to encourage enquiry on the part of the novices as to detail of procedure; the initiated did the talking and kept up an animated conversation which took the form of preparing us for an interesting experience. Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle both continually expressed the opinion that we were going to have a "wonderful afternoon"; that the room was "simply saturated with Mrs. Johnson's ectoplasm"; and that she practically never failed to produce the most wonderful results. When she arrived—a pale, rather tired-looking woman—she was enthusiastically received by her friends and mutual assurances of confidence were exchanged. Mrs. Johnson, on being presented to us, expressed the opinion that we were going to have a very "nice time"; that the two principal "guides" had been with her frequently, and that they had been most amusing at a sitting the evening before; that everything had been "very nice." I forget their names, but I will call them David and Jock. Presently we moved into an adjoining room where a circle of chairs some 12 feet in diameter was arranged. It was explained to us that vibration was necessary for the production of the spirit voices; noise of any kind was useful but it

^{*}Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

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had been found that music provided either by a gramophone or a musical box, or by singing, produced the best results. Mr. A., the one of the party who had produced the spirit photographs, a young man engaged as a demonstrator at some College of Scientific Research, had been kind enough to bring with him a gramophone; the medium had her own musical box; the gramophone was put between her and Mr. A., who sat near her and undertook to change the records. The spiritualistic secretary, the Conan Doyles, the Colonel, Mr. A., and the medium, Mrs. Johnson, formed what I may call the intimate and convinced nucleus of the party. The rest of us—four of them women who to judge by their conversation were already convinced believers—were understood to be in an attitude of devout expectancy. There was a general impression established that we owed Mrs. Johnson all our support and sympathy, that we were very fortunate to have her services, and that anything in the nature of criticism or incredulous examination would be, if not absolutely irreligious, at any rate grossly unmannerly.

We were told to seat ourselves as we chose, and that the medium would arrange us presently in accordance with some system of positives and negatives revealed to her by the spirits. After we had waited a little while, I and one of the ladies were asked to change places. The circle then was thus composed: the Medium, flanked by the gramophone and the musical box, had Lady Conan Doyle on one side of her and the retired Colonel, who went through the form of not wishing to intrude upon the circle, but was loudly persuaded to remain, on the other. Next to Lady Doyle sat her husband, then the bereaved lady, then myself, then the wife of the member of Parliament, then her sister, then the secretary of the Psychic Society, then the public singer, then the scientific investigator who operated the gramophone.

Standing on its broader end on the floor in the middle of the circular space stood a zinc trumpet about four feet in length. Through this we were told the spirit voices would speak. As the spiritual force was developed it would raise the trumpet in the air and the finger nails of the materialized spirit hands would be heard tapping upon it and it would be moved about in the air by their agency. I asked if we should see anything, and was told "no"; but that we should feel the "psychic breezes," blasts of air which blew in the atmosphere when the psychic force was strongly developed. Having been thus prepared for what we should experience, we were further admonished that if the trumpet touched us we were not to be startled; that we might also feel the spirit hands touching us, but that on no account were we to show fear or nervousness, as that discouraged the spirits. If anything touched us we were to say "thank you." Mrs. Johnson remarked that some people thought the voices were produced ventriloquially. "If I was as good a ventriloquist as all that," she said, "I should not be doing this, I should be on the music halls." This sally was received with ready laughter like that at a religious meeting when the minister makes a joke.

III

The electric switch being near me, I was then asked to turn off the light. I should have said that the room was an ordinary suburban apartment, the windows of which were thickly draped with curtains; and when I had turned off the switch we were in black darkness. The Medium then said, "Shall we say our little prayer?" and began to repeat the Lord's prayer, in which the party joined. We were then encouraged to talk in our ordinary voices, and about anything we liked; to keep our hands on our knees, preferably palms upward, and to try to feel as much at ease as possible, and not to concentrate our minds in any way or to think or talk about spiritualism. This was a little bit difficult; and our efforts at conversation were relieved by the suggestion that we should have some music. The gramophone then performed a tune, after which, as

nothing had yet happened, it was suggested that we should sing. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle struck up 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' in which the party joined. At the end of it Sir Arthur said, "I am fairly bursting with ektoplasm. I can feel the power running about all over me." Fortunately these symptoms did not develop further, and the gramophone again obliged with the tune 'Jingle Johnny,' in the chorus of which we were invited to join, and did. The general atmosphere was one of friendly conviviality, the absurdity of our occupation being in a way recognized, but with a kind of reservation based on the assumption that those who would inherit the Kingdom must become as little children. In the intervals between the singing some of the ladies, to judge by their conversation, were in rather a nervous state; one of them cried out and said something had touched her, but her neighbour immediately apologized and explained that she had moved her foot. One said she saw lights; but there were none. We were like a party of fishers waiting for a bite. Personally I was still sympathetic, perfectly attentive, awaiting a sign; but conscious of no religious influence, or of anything but the fact that I was sitting on a rather uncomfortable chair in a dark room in the suburb of Highgate, singing choruses with people whom I had never met before, and awaiting a revelation.

Presently, during the tune on the gramophone, a man's voice was heard. "Ah! that must be David," said somebody, "turn off the gramophone. Is that you, David?" "Aye," replied the voice in a Glasgow accent, and some trivial conversation ensued between this voice and the medium's, fragmentary and meagre on the part of the spirit, voluble on the part of the initiated, who joined with the medium in interrogating it. They spoke to the spirit in a patronizing way, like people at a prayer meeting encouraging a pet convert. The voice came as though sounding through the tube of the trumpet, which seemed to be waving about in the air, and the tapping of finger nails on its metallic surface could be distinctly heard. These sounded in different positions, now high now low, but the impression I had was that they did not move beyond a radius of about six or eight feet. The exact location of sound in pitch darkness is, however, quite impossible. After some more singing—'Pack up your Troubles in the Old Kit Bag' was the chorus chosen, as the spirit was said to be partial to it—David was asked if his friend Jock was coming. "Oh, aye," he said, and presently a Lancashire voice was heard uttering fragmentary sentences of greeting and occasionally rather feeble jokes, at which the audience laughed loudly. This went on for some quarter of an hour; sometimes David, sometimes Jock, and sometimes the medium speaking, but never all three at once. It was during this quarter of an hour that my trained ear made me aware of the following facts:—

- (1) Certain inflections, characteristic of individual and not of local speech, were common to the voices of both Glasgow David and Lancashire Jock.
- (2) The same inflections could occasionally be detected in the natural voice of the medium.
- (3) The Lancashire voice spoke in a dialect which would have deceived anyone who had not lived in Lancashire, but which I recognized as what may be called acquired Lancashire, such as may be heard on a music-hall stage, and which bears the same relation to a Lancashire accent as that of the stage Irishman does to the inhabitant of the Free State.

This discovery made me a little suspicious; but to such a degree was I sensitive to the carefully worked up and prepared atmosphere, that I felt almost ashamed of noticing it. From that moment, however, it was impossible for me to think of the spirit voices as originating otherwise than from the mouth of some one present, or from a gramophone, and I ceased to be so much interested in what they said as in the sounds they produced. Presently another voice, a child's voice, was heard issuing from the trumpet opposite to where the secretary of the Society was seated. We were at once told that this was the voice of his dear little dead

girl, and a quasi-pathetic dialogue between him and her ensued, which I would rather not repeat. What is more important than its subject, however, is the fact that a new sound was apparent to me. You are to understand that the medium was seated four seats to my right, and the person addressed three seats to my left. The direction of the trumpet was apparently horizontally between them, and I noticed that a kind of double voice could be heard; one issuing from the end of the trumpet to my left, the other and more breathy sound, as of breath impinging on the edge of metal, from somewhere in the neighbourhood of the medium. You have heard a similar thing when some one has been speaking to you through the telephone from an adjoining room, and you have heard both the natural voice through the partition speaking into the instrument, and the telephone voice at your ear. From that moment I was convinced that one of half-a-dozen very simple natural agencies was at work, and determined to put my conviction to the test.

IV

After the incident of the little girl there was a pause. The initiated said that they felt great power was "building up" in the centre of the room, and Lady Conan Doyle repeated her conviction that we were on the eve of some remarkable manifestation. We were. The medium urged our flagging voices to sing some more. Then the musical box was turned on, and its bell-like tinklings were a relief from the raucous and far from perfect unison of the company; the wife of the member of Parliament remarked to her neighbour, "I think this music is much better; so much more *spiritual* than the gramophone." But the medium would not let us rest long. We droned through 'Sun of my Soul,' and then, to encourage David, we were asked once more to sing 'Pack up your Troubles in the Old Kit Bag.' It was while we were quavering out this ditty that I began to wonder what I was doing, spending a whole afternoon of my good life bawling choruses and hymns in a dark room in a dismal Highgate house among a group of strangers; what any sane person known to me would think, could the wall of the room have been made transparent and we could have been looked in upon; what the servants in the house must be thinking at this bawling alternation of hymns and music-hall songs. And then I remembered that I had seen no servants; that the door had been opened by the Colonel himself; and indeed, knowing the present difficulties of keeping servants in a house which is conducted on ordinary lines, I felt that my speculations as to what the servants might think were vain.

In any case they were interrupted by a new development. A low voice was heard in front of my neighbour, the lady seated next to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and third from the medium. At once people said, "Some one is trying to speak to you; it is evidently some one who has never been through before; the voices are very faint at first; we must make more noise." So once more the gramophone was wound up and the flagging voices of the company were urged into 'Jingle Johnny.' This time I did not sing, but listened attentively. During the song no voice of the trumpet came out of that black darkness; but as soon as it was over the faint voice was heard again, apparently addressing my neighbour, saying, "Is that you, dear?" and similar phrases of recognition or greeting. The lady beside me was obviously moved and entirely credulous. "Perhaps it is my mother," she said. "Is that you, darling? Speak to me, mother. Oh do speak to me, I am not in the least afraid." The kind of conversation exchanged was generally very vague, consisting of references to health or remarks such as "It is all right now, dear, I am quite happy"—at any rate quite unimportant remarks which might have been made by anybody. "Encourage her," said the medium, "Perhaps she will touch you." It was at this moment that I began to put my theories to the test. I touched, lightly,

the lady on my right, on the knee and on the arm and on her dress, and the effect was remarkable. In an extremely emotional voice, shaking all over, she told her mother that she could feel her touch and her presence, that she recognized her and that she begged her to speak to her more. I confess that I was not a little shocked, and did not repeat the experiment. But the voice sounding still quite near, at about the level of one's knee, I put out my hand in the dark and gently grasped what proved to be the broad end of the trumpet. The other end of it was pointing out towards the right hand of the circle, near where the medium sat. It was supported horizontally at its other end; and when I grasped it the other end was immediately let go. With immense care, avoiding making any noise or movement on my chair, I slowly raised the trumpet at arm's length, lifted it over the head of the lady, and gently laid it on the floor behind Sir Arthur Doyle's chair. In doing this, I, being half turned in my chair, inadvertently touched with my elbow the lady on my left, who immediately said that the spirit had touched her.

V

There were no more spirit voices that afternoon. I was rather scared by what I had done. I felt I was in a decided minority, and like a sober man in a highly convivial party, felt that I ought to retire. The voice had immediately ceased on my seizing the trumpet, and was heard no more that afternoon. We sat for perhaps forty minutes longer singing hymns, talking and listening to the gramophone, but I knew, and I think at least one other in that circle knew, that we were wasting our time. The medium, however, assured us that the "power" was immensely strong in the middle of the room. I confess that I shrank from having to explain the presence of the trumpet behind Sir Arthur's chair, and also felt sure they would say that the trumpet must be "within the circle of influence"; so I took the opportunity, during the last verse of the hymn, at some risk of discovery, to twist round again, fish for it in the dark, lift it over the heads of my unsuspecting neighbours, and deposit it carefully within the circle—out of reach of the medium.

There were no more voices. When some one said the spirits had gone away, we were told that that was unlikely, as the signal for their departure was that they dropped the trumpet with a bang on the ground; but I knew that that signal would not be given; that they could not drop the trumpet because they could not reach it. Fearing that we were in for another half-hour of what I knew now to be perfectly futile waiting, and as some of the circle were suggesting that there was perhaps a hostile person in the room (although the medium assured us that that would make little difference), I suggested to Sir Arthur that perhaps they would get better results if I went away, as I was not deeply impressed. However, he would not hear of it, and urged me to stay. At last they began to see that the spirits would not come back, and I was requested to turn on the light. There lay the trumpet where I had put it. The medium said nothing and did not refer to it; the secretary of the Society commented on the fact that it was lying in that position and asked whom the spirits had been speaking to last; but as though by common consent the position of the trumpet seemed to be passed over.

"Well," said Sir Arthur, as we got up, "I am sorry we have not had more exciting results, but at any rate you have heard something definite; you have had manifestations about which there can be no denial." I refused to stay for tea, pleading an urgent engagement; but I was unwilling to go away and leave my poor neighbour under her delusion. As I was putting my coat on in the hall I got her attention for a moment and said, "I cannot go away without telling you that the person who touched you was not your mother but me; and the voice you heard was not your mother's but Mrs. Johnson's," and without waiting for any comments, departed.

VI

The following correspondence has since taken place. As my public testimony would certainly have been welcomed in the event of my having been "converted" by this performance, I consider that I am right in giving an account of it, even although the result was the opposite of what Sir Arthur hoped and expected.

14th December, 1921.

My dear Conan Doyle,

I must thank you and Lady Conan Doyle for your hospitality yesterday, and for your kindness in arranging for me to take part in the séance.

As you know, I went to it with an open and sympathetic mind; reading your book had produced a very strong effect upon me and had inclined me towards agreement; with its interpretation of the philosophy of spiritualism. My experience of the séance has done nothing to weaken that impression, but it has done nothing to strengthen it, because I am convinced that what happened at the house in Highgate has little or nothing to do with what you have written about. I was in a perfectly calm and observant mood; I have an extremely highly-trained musical ear, abnormally sensitive to inflections in dialects and pronunciation; I have also a long experience of organ-pipes, resonators and the acoustic effects of tubes.

I can say at once to you about this séance that no manifestation of supernatural force occurred there; that the origin and method of production of such manifestations as did occur were plainly apparent to me. To my very great regret I came to the clear conclusion that, with one possible exception, the people present were unconsciously but very willingly deceiving themselves and one another.

You will not be pleased with me for this, but I cannot be anything less than candid with you. If you are convinced I am wrong and can introduce me to a séance where I am likely to see materialization of some body, I may afterwards be able to tell you something more about it. If I am to see anything of that kind I would rather wait until I have seen it before telling you what I have to tell about the occurrences yesterday afternoon.

Yours sincerely,

FILSON YOUNG.

14th December, 1921.

Dear Sir,

I was shocked and amazed to learn from Mrs. — that you had admitted to her after the séance that you had been producing bogus phenomena and had seized the trumpet, thus interfering with the proceedings and spoiling the sitting. I could not have conceived you capable, as my guest, of acting in such a manner. I fear that this unpleasant incident must be the end of our acquaintance. I have apologized to Mrs. Johnson and the others.

Yours faithfully,

A. CONAN DOYLE.

PS.—I held this over for twenty-four hours lest I should seem to write in anger.

15th December, 1921.

Dear Conan Doyle,

Your letter, which I think silly in form and angry in spirit, shall not prevent me from saying that I do not accept your designation of my conduct at this séance. You asked me to "come and see" for myself; but as we were in pitch darkness I was left to rely on my senses of touch and hearing to detect the dreary fraud that was practised upon you. You evidently do not even wish to hear what I discovered; but as you have taken upon yourself to "apologize" for me to people whom I do not know, I must vindicate myself. There was no compact or suggestion that this was a conspiracy in which I was to join, or that the test of common sense was not to be applied. You invited it; and if the result of its application is what your letter suggests, your science, I fear, is in a bad way. But for me, this poor woman would have gone home in the belief that her dead mother had touched and spoken to her; and that I regard as a rather sinister matter.

I shall publish the facts, with my letter to you and yours to me, and you will be free to make what reply you like.

Yours sincerely,

FILSON YOUNG.

15th December, 1921.

Sir,

To publish proceedings which are the result of a private invitation to a private house is quite consistent with the rest of your conduct. The only credulity shown by any of the company was our believing that you were a gentleman. This also you may publish.

Yours faithfully,

A. CONAN DOYLE.

In his prefatory remarks before the séance Sir Arthur said, "This is either the most solemn thing in the world, or the greatest blasphemy." Most of my readers will, I think, agree with him.

BRITISH ARCHITECTS

By D. S. MACCOLL

AN ex-secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects has written, and another has prefaced what is practically a pamphlet in defence and praise of that body.* The title is misleading, what the French call "tendencious," since, in conjunction with the text, it suggests that from the Institute comes all architectural design worth consideration; and as we shall see, the author would fain enact that no one should be allowed to design a building except by license of his former masters. Mr. Locke complains that the architects of our buildings are unknown to the public, and that is true: but there are two sides to this fact: the architects work untroubled by boomings in the Press, and the chances of the better men are thereby improved. For let us test from what follows the result of a general scribbling on the subject. Mr. Locke wants each paper to have its architectural critic and to get him from the Institute.

There are hundreds of architects qualified for the post, as any newspaper could find out by application to the secretary of the R.I.B.A. . . . He should hammer the name of the architect into the brain of the public. . . . Any semi-educated person who goes to the Royal Academy Exhibition will see a picture afar off and say: "Ah, that's Sargent or Shannon or David Murray or Cadogan Cowper." But what man in a million will pass the perfect annexe of Inigo Jones's Banqueting Hall in Whitehall and say: "Ah! Aston Webb"; or the exquisite Middlesex Town Hall in Westminster, and say: "Ah! J. S. Gibson!"; or the restrained beauty of the new offices, also in Westminster, of the Crown Agents for the Colonies, and say: "Ah! J. W. Simpson."

The odd collocation of painters' names here is certainly one for the semi-educated, and that of the architects too. The Service Institute, if not in scale a perfect annexe to the Banqueting Hall, is a good piece of design, with a particularly charming frieze: but would even the one man in a million guess that it is by the same hand as the new South Kensington Museum? To call the Middlesex Town Hall 'exquisite' is just what we should expect from the hundreds of Institute critics, and they would be bound to praise the offices by their late President, to whom this book is dedicated. Actually it is a bad example of the fashion of cutting off a corner: the tower above the corner balances badly the pavilion at the other end, and altogether beauty is restrained. 'Ah, J. W. Simpson!'

The truth is that good architects in or out of the Institute are as few as good painters in or out of the Academy; fewer still are capable of writing, and fewer yet have the courage to be critical. It once fell to me, at the invitation of a committee of distinguished architects, some of them excellent writers, to edit an architectural review. When the annual exhibition of the Academy came round the question arose who was to bell the cat and act as critic. Every man pressed his neighbour: but all, with one consent, began to make excuses, and with pusill-unanimity pitched upon the amateur as their scapegoat. At that time there was a dearth of criticism except in the gingerly comments of the professional papers: now I see with pleasure that two architects who know their business as writers are contributing to the *Observer* and the *London Mercury*. Yet if there is to be criticism the amateur is needed too. If the man in the street never knows the name of an architect, the architects themselves are far from omniscient. I pass every morning in Great Portland Street a block of buildings which, however hampered by regulations about projection, are remarkably well proportioned and tellingly and sparsely decorated. By unusual good fortune they are signed with the designer's name: Robert Angell, 1913. I have asked various architects of my acquaintance, old and young: Who is Mr. Robert Angell and what else has he done? Not one of them can tell me. And the best of our architects, when they write on their art, are apt to

* 'The Designers of our Buildings.' By L. Cope Cornford with a foreword by William J. Locke. R.I.B.A. 5s. net.

retain a professional prejudice for the show-part of the design, the elevation, however much they may preach to pupils that elevation should spring from plan, and architecture clothe the needs of the building. Thus the idol of Sir Reginald Blomfield in his excellent history of French Renaissance architecture is François Mansart, and the Château of Maisons, which he built in part twice over to please his eye, is held up as his masterpiece. And very beautiful in many respects it is: particularly in the subtle tilted planes of its staircase panelling. But the exteriors, walls and roofs alike, are far from perfect, and they conceal an outrageous misfit of planning. On this point those of us who have to do with public galleries and museums have a grievance. Mr. Cornford says:

The charge of the national collections and even the expenditure of large sums of public money upon pictures, are still confided to amateurs who are wholly ignorant of the practice of the art of painting.

I do not know against whom this was aimed; but in view of the record of a professional body of artists in the disposal of the Chantrey Fund the taunt is something of a boomerang, and the retort would be double-weighted if we told all we know of the amateurish buildings in which purchases have to be housed.

But it is the professional control of architecture which is the main burden in Mr. Cope Cornford's advertisement of the Institute's virtues and its claims. Its spirit is the same obscurantist spirit which in the medical profession ranks Mr. Barker the inspired bone-setter as a quack, because unqualified. Mr. Cornford would refuse the very name of "architect" to all who had not undergone examination under the rules of the Institute. He appears to believe that anyone so licensed is competent to practise, and says in so many words that a man who cannot pass examinations is unfit to practise a profession. Now not only may a genius fail to demonstrate his powers under examination, but an ordinary man may equally fail to demonstrate that he is well-informed, sensible and honest, which are the professional qualifications. I had no idea that professional impudence went so far in this twilight of the examination-fetish, though I had noticed some declension from independence. I am old enough to remember a fierce conflict on this very subject. In 1892 a rival association of architects was pressing for compulsory qualification. The Institute was not in the field, because they had their own scheme in reserve; but seven of their most distinguished members resigned to fight the twin projects under the leadership of Mr. Norman Shaw and Sir Thomas Jackson, neither of whom was ever a member. I wish all who read this pamphlet would also read Sir Thomas Jackson's manly and convincing introduction to 'Architecture a Profession or an Art,' and the essays that followed. They made mincemeat of the scheme and the examinations. Those were the brave days of the Art Workers' Guild under the mastership of William Morris, who despised all labels of gentility. In 1906 some compromise was effected, and the rebels returned to the fold: some of them have been P.R.I.B.A., and are members of the Academy*: but they are surely not in sympathy with this renewed attempt.

Far be it from me to seem unfair to Institute or Academy either. The new blood has brought new life to their dessicating limbs, and this book itself is one symptom among several that the R.I.B.A. is anxious to play a more vigorous part in the proper business of architects. The Institute, as Mr. Cornford reminds us, has served them well in various ways. It has a fine library for their consultation and not limited to them: it has imposed some decency on the horrible, if unavoidable business of competitions, another vice of the examination era; and in the wake of the "amateurs" it has bestirred itself over town-planning generally, and the case of London in particular. But let it boast with

moderation. This volume includes a series of portraits. The first two and greatest in the list, Inigo Jones and Wren, were amateurs, licensed only by genius: the next three, greater than those who follow, Chambers, Soane and Barry, grew up without an Institute, and did very well. The next, Sir Gilbert Scott, a remarkable scholar, went far to ruin the cathedrals of the country, and his University of Glasgow, cited here as his title to fame, not only replaced with a semi-mediaeval structure a delicious monument of the Scottish Renaissance, but prevented the employment of a really born and Glasgow-born architect, "Greek" Thomson. I grew up under the shadow of that huge mind, for my nursery gave upon the U.P. Church in St. Vincent Street. It was a gloomy prospect; and the hugeness was marred by provincial limitations, but what a Cyclopean sense of mass! The next on the list may be ruled out, the very considerable Charles Garnier, architect of the Opera in Paris, and medalled by the Institute: Penrose, a great scholar, follows; and then with a thump we end upon Alfred Waterhouse, whose St. Paul's School must turn the mind of any sensitive boy it immures to a dismal purplish brick, and whose Balliol denies the charm of Oxford to its luckless inmates. Ah! Mr. Cornford.

THE BOXING MATCH

By JAMES AGATE

LAST week, at the Albert Hall, Georges Carpentier, the French boxer, defeated the Australian, George Cook, knocking him out in the fourth round. There was never any doubt that the elegant French frigate would come to port in the end, however rough the passage, the four rounds resembling the acts of a play weathering through storm to happy ending. Why, you ask, should we have wished for a French victory? Simply because, whilst we did not know Cook, we did know and like the Frenchman. That he had not "made good" in his recent tragic production 'Oedipus at Jersey City' lent our attitude of knowing no dethronement the more of grace. Then are not he and Descamps our particular metal? Asked why, in that battle with the American battering-ram, he did not throw in the towel earlier, the little trainer had a magnificent "Qu'il mourût!" Grudgingly we admit that Corneille first happened upon the phrase—the sentiment is English and pure Nelson. Why should we not idolize valiance doubled with Hamlet-like wit? How wish Hyperion aught but luck? How betwixt the fists of Cook visit that face too roughly?

For the beguilement of the earlier hours there was the crowd familiar to these occasions, the mob of fashionable ladies and elegant trollops, gold-toothed niggers, fops, clergymen, shop-assistants, artists—all that London holds of brain and rank and fashion. The millionaire in wit suffered unlettered Croesus patiently; bookies put the peerage at its ease. Mr. "Bombardier" Wells, "in faultless evening attire," sprawled with Balfourian grace. Mr. "Joe" Beckett, in a lounge suit, did anything but lounge, chewing the cud of bitter recollection. Mr. "Kid" Lewis behind a soft shirt hid a bosomful of challenges. Mr. Wilde, rapt as a choir-boy on the wings of 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair,' unbent to the Lord Chancellor. This was your true republic. One heard instructed comments. "Tu verras, Georges le descendra avec le 'feinte du gauche, crochet du droit' qu'il a fait contre Beckett." "A sa place je l'uppercutterais." "C'est un fameux knock-outeur. Cook ne tiendra pas deux rounds!" Idly one watched the minor bouts. Paul Fritsch, the French amateur, easily "put paid to the account of" Tibby Watson, a rugged little Australian with the scrubbed nose of a death's-head. Another Frenchman, one Marcel Nilles, and our own Guardsman Penwill followed. Slow-moving colossi, they pitted their masses of unreflective brawn as they were rival bees, or bear-like, pawed and hugged affectionately, without damage. More amusing to watch was the director-

*It is odd that in the list Mr. Cornford gives of architectural schools recognized by the Institute the Academy does not figure.

ship of Mr. Eugene Corri, bluff, debonair, Edwardian, inferentially the friend of kings. He refereed this dull match with infinite suavity and sidelong, birdlike motions of the head.

And then, at last, they came. First Cook, a figure to fright the eye of childhood. You would have said that his mask was composed deliberately, after the Chinese manner, to strike terror. His attitude throughout was that of a bull towards his tormentor. Then Carpentier, slight, elegant, *homme du monde*, excessively correct, wearing a dressing-gown Japanese as the smile of his beloved protector. When he turned to his adversary with what you divined to be an entirely gracious compliment, you saw that the two belonged to different orders. Cook, the untamed animal, glowered like Aldebaran, the red star in the eye of Taurus. About Carpentier, shining as Betelgeuse, Orion's particular jewel, there was something of the Grecian marble. You felt that the sculptor who should make a statue in his likeness might with dignity subscribe the old pæan: "I was beauty! I was shapeliness! At the sight of mine eyes substance of itself strengthened into just shapes." An unnecessary fuss to make of a mere boxer? But there is no "mere" about Carpentier. My purpose is not to describe the fight but to enquire whether this slipping grace is an integral part of the boxer's melody or an ineffectual, unnecessary grace-note. It has been said that in beauty there is no first principle, that our ideas of beauty are derived through what we know to be useful. Arms are less thick than legs, because they have not the weight of the body to support. A being of which the arms were the stouter must, to be beautiful, walk upon its hands. Climate engenders in the Eskimo and the dweller by Victoria Nyanza types of handsomeness repugnant to more temperate idea. It may be that beauty is not an absolute thing but a human conception, that it lies definitely in the eye of the beholder and nowhere else. It may be that the absolute beauty of the stars consists, not in the picture they make in the sky, but in their not bumping into one another, and that meadows tumbling to a moonlit lake are not essentially lovelier than Lord's cricket ground sloping to a ditch. It may be that the lark, intrinsically, is no more exquisite a creature than the earth-worm. That the worm is a fool in the empyrean is of no account; an underground lark were equally absurd. All that we know definitely is that both are perfectly suited to their environment. And since man can live without larks but not without earth-worms, is he then to adjudge the worm to be the more beautiful? But this is the red herring of anthropocentric prejudice. The usefulness we have postulated is not that of the creature to man but its own convenient fulfilment. Better to stick to logic and lay it down that we may only compare in beauty things which belong to the same order of usefulness—worm with worm and lark with lark. It is significant that when we come to the category of the useless—the unapplied arts, for instance—comparison is extraordinarily easy, for it must be anthropocentric. You can make absolute comparison between a poem and a sonata, between Turner's sunsets and Beethoven's symphonies. But athletics is an applied art, and usefulness comes in again. You can still make absolute comparison of the pose of Nijinsky, the pedestalled grace of Vardon, the carriage of Richardson coming up to the crease, the equilibrium of Rastelli, the poise of Carpentier. You can still say of each that it is the supreme poem of its language. But of each you must say also that beauty and efficiency go hand in hand. Given that Grace was the most efficient of all batsmen and Trumper the most beautiful, the point is that the imposition upon Grace's efficiency of a more perfect style could only have resulted in more runs, that increase of Trumper's skill could only have induced a more perfect beauty. Let two boxers be perfectly matched, morally, mentally, and physically, then the more graceful must prevail. For grace is only another term for ease, which means the setting free of energy. It is this spare battalion of liberated energy

which wins the day. In equally matched boxers, therefore, beauty is strength. In the fight at the Albert Hall Carpentier made no movements which were not beautiful, Cook none which were not ungainly. We know what happened. The Frenchman is now challenged by that great, yet ugly, fighter, Kid Lewis. Should Lewis win, then either he is Carpentier's physical superior, or we shall have to tackle anew a problem of immense æsthetic import. A knock-out is a hard fact about which speculation may argue with difficulty but which it may, nay must, use as the basis of enquiry into the function of beauty in boxing. Hence into the ultimate meaning of beauty. "It will be a tragedy if the match with Lewis doesn't come off," said a neighbour. He meant, of course, that there may be a tragedy when it does. With an inquest into æsthetic to follow. Not Plato, not Croce, nor anybody else can help us. It is a problem which every artist must work out for himself.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF RICHARD STRAUSS

By E. A. BAUGHAN

TO many of us the Richard Strauss concert on Tuesday had the air of a dream. Except that the composer is very grey, and that there does not seem to be any of the faun-like strangeness that once lightened the stolidity of his face, he might have been conducting a concert twenty years ago. He was startled, it is true, out of his detached manner by the enthusiasm with which he was received. But a slight change of colour was the only sign of his surprise. It is to be hoped his countrymen will understand that we are ready to applaud genius, but that our applause does not mean that we forget or are likely to forget, or that our concert-rooms are now open to an invasion of German musicians. Genius has laws and rights of its own. It is necessary to insist on the difference between honouring a great musical composer and accepting calmly any attempt to put musical affairs on the old footing as far as Germans are concerned. For at this particular concert there were many resident Germans who had an air of triumph, as if the enthusiasm were proof that all will be well for German musicians in the future.

To Richard Strauss himself the concert should have been of supreme interest. Imagine what it must mean to a composer of fifty-seven to conduct a programme of music written between his twenty-third and thirtieth years. What ghosts he must have seen as he conducted! What ghosts some of us saw, too. Music becomes curiously associated with our lives. I lived again through much of mine, although the Albert Hall is no more fitted for dreams than it is for music. The 'Don Juan' symphonic-poem, written thirty-five years ago when the composer was only twenty-three, once seemed a very daring work. How Richard Strauss must have mentally smiled as he conducted it! Yet perhaps he was surprised by its vitality and freshness, in spite of the obvious influence of Wagner.

He must have felt, too, that it was quite a mature musician who wrote the 'Till Eulenspiegel.' Even the composer of the 'Rosencavalier' cannot afford to smile at the early comedy. It is, indeed, extraordinary how mature was Strauss's genius when he was but thirty years of age. In later works he did more daring things, perhaps, but he never surpassed the ingenuity of treatment to be found in 'Till Eulenspiegel,' nor has he more fully expressed the curious freakishness and pathos of this music. One feels it was really characteristic of him. Later on in his career the cast of mind which made 'Till Eulenspiegel' possible became tinged with a curious perversity. Mere freakishness hardened into the grotesque, as in parts of 'Don Quixote' and the 'Sinfonia Domestica.' Strauss began, I suspect, to listen to his admirers, who were apt to give all kinds of subtle interpretations to combinations of themes which were really the ordinary means of building music.

He then became subtle on his own account, and took too literary a view of music. In this early composition, however, there is the clear voice of specific musical genius.

Indeed, as far as inspiration goes, I doubt if his later compositions (I only know those that have been performed in London) will be held by the future historian to have carried out the promise of his youth. Once again I was very much impressed by the 'Tod und Verklärung.' It is no new discovery to hear in this work a completeness of means and aim that scarce any of his other symphonic-poems possessed. Most critics are naturally weary of this early Strauss. It has been performed over and over again, and has become the property of the man in the promenade at the Queen's Hall. No longer has it any power to astonish, and it never had much. Yet, precisely because it has been accepted as one of the modern "classics" of music it is worth, even in these days, a little more than casual praise. In all the literature of modern orchestral music, and certainly in Strauss's own compositions, it is difficult to find a more impressive building of a climax than in the Transfiguration section of this symphonic-poem. For once the maker of music and the poet worked hand in hand. The gradually growing climax is the natural outcome of the "programme" the composer had in mind. If a listener knew nothing of his intentions the actual shape of the music would suggest the emotional content of the composer's "programme." The mere title, 'Death and Transfiguration,' is sufficient explanation of it. The reason for the success of this composition as "programme music" is very simple. Strauss did not attempt to illustrate complex literary or philosophic ideas, but confined himself to a broad, simple subject which gave full scope to the composition of music without in any way fettering it to ideas which cannot be expressed by music. He has not been at all happy, in most of his symphonic-poems, in the choice of a subject or in what may be called the scenario built from it. From some want of æsthetic insight he has invariably chosen a realistic background for his symphonic-poems, and most of his musical obscurities, or, as we would now say, his musical weaknesses were caused by his desire to depict outside phenomena or to make a spurious philosophy by the combination and variation of themes. Strangely enough, that is the Richard Strauss that the advanced musicians of the day (now lagging in the main body) most admired. The same curious want of æsthetic and literary judgment prevented Strauss being a great songwriter. When he chose lyrics that demand music he wrote beautiful songs. Miss Ethel Frank sang six of them with sensitive appreciation at that very concert. He went even more astray in the choice of his libretti for his operas, and in that choice one finds a clear proof of a streak of perversity in his mental make-up. It was an attitude towards life of the minor poet at the end of the last century, but it is not a state of mind from which big music can be built. In 'Tod und Verklärung' Strauss chose a big subject, and did not attempt to mar it by perverse treatment. Consequently, it will remain one of the big things he has achieved in music. If Richard Strauss recognized that the other day when conducting the work, perhaps he may yet struggle towards his own musical transfiguration.

Correspondence

A FRENCHMAN'S EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT)

ENGLAND, the English people, English literature, modern English tendencies have long been part of my life. I was only sixteen when I chanced on a French translation of Newman's 'Apologia,' to which Newman himself had added fascinating notes concerning Oxford and the life there; and this book changed

my outlook on religion, thought and life for ever. From that day English freedom and English reverence modified all my conceptions and feelings. In time I became a frequent visitor to England. I loved the English country, and although I have been a great wanderer and often see far-away places of all kinds conjured up in my imagination by the sound of the bells or the smell of the winter apples, nothing haunts me as much as certain nooks in Surrey or Kent or hill tracts away from the Cornish coast. London is as dear to me, I verily believe, as Paris. I have had and still have dear friends there, for whom my attachment is as independent of political vicissitudes as if I had met them in Lotusland. Russell Square and Bedford Square are melancholy enough places to many Londoners; to me they are oases in which the pace of life seemed many times to have been conveniently slackened for my own personal enjoyment. I have always found that my days in London were broad and roomy, and there is no more delicious sensation than that.

There were no terrible political problems in England when my own problems were limited to how to ride from the British Museum to the Tate Gallery, and I thought that this was owing to the balance of the English mind and would last for ever. I was a complete Victorian without knowing it. I was not a pro-Boer, although my best friends were on the staff of the *Speaker*, and the first article I ventured to write in English was printed in that paper. I even doubt if I was pro-French at the time of the Fashoda trouble. The French of twenty-five years ago were, apart from the enterprising people who read *Le Temps*, entirely indifferent to foreign affairs, and it took me years to see that the retired naval officer one met in the boarding-houses of Upper Bedford Place who looked glum when there was a hitch off Newfoundland was not a mere character out of a book or ready to be transformed into a book character whenever I chose. Between Fashoda and the great war I wrote a great deal, both in my own language and in English, and as life glides on and a significant laziness sometimes softly invades me it is satisfactory to have no misgivings about the effects of what one wrote: not a better understanding between England and France but a more conscious enjoyment of the invaluable understanding was what I consistently worked for.

The war came while I was travelling, and in the universal confusion I knew nothing of the hesitancy of Mr. Lloyd George and some of his colleagues in the Cabinet till September, when an English friend told me about it in London. The recollection made my friend turn pale, but what he said did not raise even a ripple in my consciousness. Hesitation indeed! Was not London full of volunteers, and did not Mr. Lloyd George already begin to talk about conscription? Two years later was it not Mr. Lloyd George who thought Mr. Asquith unequal to the effort necessary for finishing the job? And later again was it not the same Mr. Lloyd George who insisted, at the risk of ruffling the national sensibilities, on unity of command? All through the four years I never ceased for one instant to think that the war was not France's war but *our* war. I also thought that the Treaty was *our* Treaty. In the course of 1918 I had written on the back of an old copy-book, "Possible difficulties between Allies," and I had stood this copy-book at the end of a file of others more or less bulging with notes; but I did this for completeness's sake. I should certainly have been horrified if some sneering genius had shown me beside this three other fat bundles of sarcastic clippings from the *Matin* or *Œuvre*; fighting, indignant or bullying clippings from the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Daily News* or the *Observer*. While the peace negotiations were going on I thought that poor Mr. Wilson probably was in the way, but I had no doubt but Mr. Lloyd George's shrewdness, helped by M. Clemenceau's energy, would succeed in finally making our treaty as successful as our war had been. What I meant by a successful treaty was one that would act on the Germans as the

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events of 1870 and 1871 had acted upon us: wiping away for ever what was left of the Napoleonic spirit. My own house in the north of France was empty, my books and cherished heirlooms had disappeared, but I think I am honest in saying that personal feeling had no more share in my attitude than cold reason in a far-away observer would have allowed it to have.

Finally the Treaty was signed—I wished it had been less theatrically—and *pace* General Smuts and young Mr. Bullitt, I did not think it was a bad treaty; some Germans were to be punished; all the Germans were to restore what they had ruined; and the Germans of the future were to be rendered unable to repeat what their ancestors had several times tried to accomplish. M. Clemenceau, however, had misgivings about the working of the Treaty: "the Treaty will be useful if the Allies stay united." But who could doubt that the Allies would stay united? Some people said that as England had secured the German fleet and the German colonies, France ought to have been as foreseeing and ought to have extended her frontier to the Rhine instead of leaving her security to the future. But how few these people were! I was amazed a few months ago when I heard one of the three or four best-known American statesmen tell me the same thing. The idea of an annexation was, and still is, odious to nineteen in twenty Frenchmen. I have tried many times to imagine what Lord Curzon meant when he spoke publicly of French Imperialism. It is essential that we should endeavour to visualize our own attitude as other people see it; and I see very clearly, for instance, that sending an Ambassador to Wrangel without consulting anybody, or making separate arrangements with a Kemal as despicable as a Trotsky, were unfortunate steps; but I never could see that France was Imperialist. Her future lies in the enforcement of the Treaty, and how can the Treaty be enforced if there is no army to enforce it? How can peace be maintained if, in default of the protection promised in the Treaty by England and America, there is no army to maintain it? The French mind somehow has been more deeply impressed by the Treaty being final, in spite of the decades implied in its application, than the minds of the British, and it is not surprising if it does not readily welcome changes in what was not supposed ever to be modified. Yet there have been changes made in the Treaty; hardly three months have passed since June, 1919, without some important changes being made in it, and the French have acquiesced in those changes. But when a procedure is suggested implying not a change but a rebuilding completely at variance with the Treaty, can one expect that a nation—knowing that bankruptcy is the alternative for not abiding by the Treaty—will submit to seeing the momentous readjustment done in a few days by two golf players, one of whom obviously drives a much longer ball than his opponent?

No, I feel somewhat ashamed of my slowness in seeing some facts; I am ashamed of having taken months to see that Mr. Keynes was not a sentimentalist but an economist; I am ashamed of never having realized till the summer of last year that British unemployment was a fact of tremendous magnitude, though the facts would have been known long ago if English propaganda, that is to say if English enlightenment of French opinion, had not been unwisely stopped almost directly after the Armistice. But I feel sure I shall never be ashamed of the reaction which in the course of last week stopped the Cannes proceedings before it was too late. A Treaty which came after four years of the most terrible war ought not to be undone after four days' conversation between two men who are not professional treaty makers. On this ground I feel confident. I not only feel that France will be safeguarded by a little wise delay, but I feel that the Entente—on which, after all, millions of people both in France and in Great Britain still set value—will be safeguarded too. The atmosphere in which the Cannes agreements were to be signed was the worst we breathed in many months, and I firmly believe that it will never be breathed again.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of a reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

THE REVIVAL OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I read with much interest Mr. Ryder's letter in your last issue, and I am in entire agreement with much of it. I am afraid, however, that his suggestion that we Conservatives must be content in the future with a party "founded on Individualist principles," will not be understood by the generality of people. Personally, I am confident that given an honest, patriotic and high-principled leader, Conservatives would rally in their tens of thousands under his banner, and the country would once again enjoy not only prosperity but peace and rest, for which it is feverishly yearning.

The present leaders of the so-called Unionist party have long been tried and found wanting, having sacrificed every principle so dear to Conservatives in exchange for the mess of pottage of place, power and emoluments. To use an apt phrase of the late Lord Fisher, "we must sack the lot," for a Conservative party has no further need of them. But, if anything practical is to be done, immediate action is necessary, else Conservatism will be killed, as Lord Carson so well pointed out at Canterbury.

I agree entirely with Mr. Ryder in his closing sentence that Tariff Reform must be dropped. Soon after the late disastrous war started I became convinced that Tariff Reform was dead for two reasons: (1) because of the fact that several of our greatest competitors in the world's markets were our staunch allies; and (2) on account of the senseless and reckless raising of industrial wages, which has made it impossible for our manufacturers to produce a well-finished article at a saleable price in this country.

Yours etc.,

ERNEST JAMES

Wallington.

COALITION—A LIVING PRINCIPLE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Whether the General Election comes next month or later on, the Coalition, if it is to continue, will have to make good its claim to be, as things are, the best form of government which the country is likely to get. Now the average Englishman likes a straight deal, and if the Coalition lacks principle, as certain of its opponents maintain, even Mr. Lloyd George's genius will be pinioned, and his power of initiative lost to the country. The last election was won by him, and it was won because he stood for an ideal—patriotic service by men of goodwill of all political parties. The party system had been tried, found wanting, and had few apologists: to-day the country, as a whole and at its best, does not want a return to it; it still asks that men of all parties should forget the differences that divide them and remember the strong bonds that bind them as workers in a common cause.

The truth is, the party system has for years lacked sincerity; there has been no dividing principle; but there is a principle and a high principle in the unselfish joining of forces for national good which, for want of a better name, we call Coalition.

Yours etc.,

A. G. SPARROW

Milborne Post.

THE CITY CHURCHES

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I wish to call attention to the peril in which some of our chief national treasures are constantly involved, viz., Sir Christopher's Wren's churches, in the very centre of our capital. These—like the bold peasantry of the poet—once destroyed can never be supplied, and therefore should not be sacrificed to the penny wise and pound foolish plan. Wren was London's great architect—the greatest, surely, that England has ever produced since the days of William of Wykeham. His shrines are original examples, not more or less of imitations of earlier creations, such as modern Gothic buildings are—and even as such only reproductions of *mutilated* interiors, which no mediæval artist would have accepted. City shrines illustrate an architectural period, and a very interesting one in English church history, to say nothing of their being memorials of the great Fire, and of the munificence of London's citizens in spite of that disaster, and all the loss it entailed. Pass from one to the other of the sequence, note the solidity, richness and beauty of the interiors, and then go through a series of latter-day Gothic and see how poor, flimsy and barren it looks in comparison.

Whether at this moment Renaissance interiors are admired or not, is nothing to the point. At that rate nothing could survive if it depended on the fancy of the moment! We have no right to tear, as it were, this page out of our history, nor to rob posterity of its birth-right in them. The churches, as such, are invaluable in the City; and it ought to be remembered that people have given money to renovate, repair, and maintain them, and to forfeit the outcome of their generosity is unworthy of either the Church or Nation. And how little is left, beside them, to redeem the oldest and most interesting part of the capital from being a vast warehouse, or collection of shops. They form a fine sequence, not one of which can be spared—why, their very parochial apartments are priceless records of domestic life in the seventeenth century.

Whatever the ecclesiastical need, that should never be met by robbing Peter to pay Paul. A course of that kind has no finality. What would be done with their glorious carvings and historic memorials? Would they be disposed of for a paltry sum, as were those of the beautiful Franciscan Church at Newgate, by Alderman Bowes, in the sixteenth century; or knocked to pieces like many of those of St. Katherine in the nineteenth century? The memorials tell a story themselves—in their place. When Barry was rebuilding the Houses of Parliament, he wanted to take down St. Margaret's; but Pugin said: "Rather than that I would build another church, for no grand mediæval shrine but stood supported by satellites." And instead of taking down one of Wren's churches let us put up a statue to London's great architect—1923 will be the bicentenary of his death—"who lived to the age of upwards of ninety years. Not for himself, but for the public good"

Yours etc.,
"CIVIC PRIDE"

THE MISSING CHARITY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is probable that many of the supporters of the anti-vivisection societies are not familiar with the anti-vivisection journals. The general tone and range of these journals make it doubtful, to my thinking, whether all anti-vivisection societies deserve to be called charities. I have by me here some statements (a) from the *Animals' Guardian*, October 1919, (b) from the *Abolitionist*, September 1919. They show a tendency which is common in anti-vivisection at the present time.

- (a) 1. Horses, hyenas, and hedgehogs drink prussic acid with impunity.
2. Salt will kill chickens and elephants.
3. Goats are quite insensible to the action of nicotine.
4. Horses receive hardly any effect from tartar emetic.
5. Monkeys are almost insensible to strychnine.
6. Dogs are unaffected by aloes. After amputation of a dog's leg only a little blood flows, where a human would die from hemorrhage.
7. Man, unless with fatty heart, can ordinarily inhale chloroform and live; whereas dogs promptly die from its vapour.
- (b) 1. Haffkine's vaccine against cholera has earned the undeniable notoriety of its use being invariably followed by an increase of cholera, whether in India or elsewhere.
2. It is very doubtful if there is any such disease as rabies.
3. Hydrophobia is merely a form of tetanus, and has a similar origin.
4. It is more than probable that many of our wounded soldiers suffered far more from the tetanus-antitoxin which was injected into them on the battlefield than from the result of their wounds.
5. No one is so gullible as a "scientific man." Fools are much more common among educated men than they are among uneducated. Scientists are the slaves of fashion and the prey of the ignorant and the unscrupulous.

The statements marked (b) are by the President of the British Union for Abolition of Vivisection. He has also stated that "syphilis has increased four-fold in young people since the passing of the compulsory Vaccination Act, and has declined with marvellous rapidity in proportion as the public have refused to avail themselves of this filthy and dangerous nostrum."

It would be easy to add statements from the *Zoophilist*, the journal of the society which now has received benefit from Mr. Jesse's legacy: but I will not trouble you with a long letter. If any of your readers wish to study the value and the necessity of experiments on animals, I hope that they will write to the Hon. Secretary of the Research Defence Society, 11, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

Yours etc.,

STEPHEN PAGET

Limpsfield, Surrey.

'TWO ESSAYISTS'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Why your reviewer should couple the essays of Mr. Robert Lynd with those of Mr. Stephen Paget is beyond my comprehension, unless the object was the preservation of space. Two more different cooks of the same broth are difficult to imagine. The one chatters affably in a similar manner to Charles Lamb, while the other snaps in sentences like Johnsonian stabs his own peculiar views on the subject which forms the title of his essay. Your reviewer declares Mr. Lynd's prose charming, just as the condescending editors of "poor Charles Lamb" call his style by this same enigmatic afternoon-tea expression. "That of his robust rival is almost always fine." What are we to understand from this incomprehensible term? Mr. Paget's style is more elevated than elegant, more didactic than whimsical, yet all of these may be fine. Many points in the Treaty of Versailles are fine, the eyes of the hero in a modern novel are usually fine, even the weather is occasionally fine. Mr. Paget's prose can scarcely be called splendid, brilliant or erudite; it may be bold, though it does not "charge up and down like a troop of cavalry." Rather than with its fineness, it impresses one with its eloquence and its sincerity. He is writing with a purpose; he writes, as one "worn with the cares and sorrows of the world," for the edification of younger men. Mr. Lynd has no such laudable object in view; he writes to amuse, and, though I know naught of the "chimney-corner causerie," I should undoubtedly place his book on the shelf upon which lie Elia, Hazlitt, Mr. Beerbohm and Mr. E. V. Lucas, the companions of a day on the river and a walking tour.

Mr. Paget's essays are reminiscences, Mr. Lynd's are observations. The former sits at ease before a bright fire and a clean hearth, and leisurely submits in attrac-

tive form his reasons for believing in certain ideas and regulations which he rigorously and complacently lays down beforehand. Mr. Lynd conveys the impression of having put his thoughts in print on his way along the path of life, and his book thereby is lighter reading than Mr. Paget's. From this very reason springs the fact that 'The Pleasures of Ignorance' breathes the spirit of the country more freely than does 'Town Mice turned Country Mice.' The latter indeed has a certain aroma of happiness, but it is not unmixed with one of sadness, that indefinable sadness which will creep in to beautify any reminiscence of one who is ever looking back.

Yours etc.,

MALCOLM ELWIN

'THE LIVERPOLITAN'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is with pain that I observe that even a "Londoner" may suffer from the unimaginative outlook which troubles the 'Liverpolitian.'

Liverpool, like other cities, has her qualities and defects. And her greatest defects arise from that very obsession with one good quality which "Londoner" seems to share. Liverpool, like "Londoner," regards hard sense as the greatest gift of man, and like "Londoner" is so intent on that quality that she does not grasp the other "number of things" which a letter or a world may contain. And Liverpool, ignoring those things, suffers for her ignorance. Neither the city nor "Londoner" has grasped that other substances are quite as important as granite. Or is that writer taking more for granted in the phrase than I in my first communication meant it to mean? I trusted to my context to explain that "hard sense" was used in the sense of material consideration of material matters.

The outward factors of well-being are not in themselves well-being. Man or city needs a soul as well as a body. Without reference to Liverpool, may I suggest that the profiteer is one of the finest examples of hard sense in England? The profiteer is practicality personified. Why is he criticised? Simply because he, in general, lacks those other intangible but vital qualities—kindness, the sense of *meum* and *tuum*, good breeding, culture, *noblesse oblige*. These things are quite as necessary to the dignity and good name of a city or a man as any of the really good qualities which Liverpool undoubtedly possesses. If in addition to her forcefulness, patience and determination, Liverpool had these things; if with prosperity and hard sense, she had also imagination and the sense of a spiritual ideal, her people and her nation might have unfettered pride in her. But "what shall it profit her if she gain the whole world and lose her own soul?"

Yours etc.,

YOUR CORRESPONDENT

GERMAN INTERESTS IN RUSSIA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is most important that the Russian situation be properly focussed, both by our politicians and people, and a clear vision be obtained, freed from the camouflage smoke and nonsense which has been talked here and elsewhere in connection with the trade of Russia, trade agreements, and more recently, about the resuscitation of Russia.

Let it stand out clearly, first, that the self-appointed Russian Soviet Government at Moscow is there, and remains there, by German support, and acts according to instructions from Germany. Secondly, that Moscow has not complete control, and is not generally recognized. Local Soviets assert that arrangements made by Moscow must receive their approval if such arrangements affect them locally. Thirdly, that German industrial and banking interests, speaking for Germany, intend to resuscitate Russia in their own way and in their own good time. Much has been done already for

the future benefit of the aforesaid interest. If in the meantime some millions of Russian people perish of starvation and disease that is an unfortunate detail, but then the Russian people will be further weakened, and there will be more room for German Colonists.

Moscow has been, and still is, spending on propaganda money which would have gone far to alleviate the terrible suffering and misery of these unfortunate people, who are being so punished for the sin of inefficiency. Russia is to become, according to programme, a German province, which will many times make amends for the lost Colonies and war losses, and is to be exploited and resuscitated by Germany, financially assisted by American industrial interests, the American public being educated to assist later with the bigger money at the lowest possible rate.

As for the unfortunate French and British public, so largely interested to the extent of about fifteen hundred million pounds sterling, who have contributed with their money and savings towards building up the Russian nation, are they to be doped with more puerile talk and promises, and then to go the way of the starving millions of Russia? Already the property of others is being distributed. The Standard Oil Company have been offered so-called confiscated oil properties, but are representing that a better title must be secured, for in the eventuality of the Bolshevik regime being turned out, they might have to return these properties to their rightful owners.

Yours etc.,

E. HENEAGE

27, Elvaston Place, S.W.

'THE BLUE GUIDES'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The lively article on 'How to see Paris,' contributed by your French Correspondent to the SATURDAY REVIEW of January 7, contains several useful suggestions for the improvement of the 'Blue Guide to Paris.' But in regard to certain matters of fact it inadvertently does some little injustice to the contents of that volume.

The foundation of the Society of Jesus by Ignatius de Loyola and his six companions in a crypt on Montmartre has not been forgotten (see p. 59). The index will guide readers to the pages on which an attempt has been made to define the limits and to indicate the characteristics of the various quarters of Paris, such as the Marais, the Faubourg Saint-Germain, the Latin Quarter, Montmartre, etc. (pp. 41, 130, 110, 59, etc.). Following its avowed policy of avoiding, so far as space will allow, the infliction on the traveller of long paragraphs in small print, the 'Blue Guide' prints its account of the Long Gallery in the Louvre, not in "blinding small type," but in good clear brevier.

Yours etc.,

FINDLAY MUIRHEAD

Editor of the 'Blue Guides'

THE MISUSE OF ENGLISH

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—On various occasions you have commented on the misuse of English by the cheaper Press. I should like to make a forcible protest against the use of the word "drama" in describing murders or other tragedies. A recent issue of a morning paper, in dealing with the Bournemouth murder, said "The drama then developed as follows," as though it were describing a new play. Just below was "A hitherto unpublished portrait of Miss Wilkins," as though the victim were an actress or some other celebrity.

Years ago the *Athenæum* remarked that the cheap Press had given up the pretence of elevating the people. It would seem that the idea was to degrade the public taste lower than it is.

Yours etc.,

C. W. SMITH

Richmond Road, E.

Reviews

YACHTING REMINISCENCES

Cruising Sails and Yachting Tales. By Frank Cowper. Potter.

FROM the ketch *Ailsa* at her moorings in the Hamble Mr. Cowper, now in his eighth decade, has sent forth this pleasantly garrulous account of his adventurous voyages in by-gone years. He lives alone in his boat without books or any aid to memory other than three volumes of his 'Sailing Tours,' and he has occupied his leisure, very happily we are sure, in collecting and rewriting papers which, under many pseudonyms well-known to a past generation of yachting men, have appeared in various publications. As the cost of professional illustrations was prohibitive he himself tackled the job of doing the 40 illustrations here reproduced, taking up the pencil in exactly the same self-reliant spirit as that in which he used to go cruising single-handed. Courage, skill and perseverance have not failed him in his old age, and we congratulate him heartily on the result of his labours. On the title page of this not inconsiderable work (for besides the illustrations and three charts there are 325 well-packed pages of narrative) he has had the pluck to write 'Volume 1.' What an example to youth and middle-age!

Mr. Cowper was one of the pioneers of single-handed cruising in seagoing yachts, a strenuous and adventurous form of sport which appeals to very few, but for them has a fascination quite irresistible, comparable only to the charm of mountain climbing. Unlike his contemporary, the late Mr. R. T. McMullen, who liked plenty of sea room, was never quite happy except when making long passages and distrusted all harbours and all anchorages except open roadsteads, Mr. Cowper "made passages of necessity and ports for pleasure," and cared for sailing only as means of getting from one rock-strewn, tide-ripped coast, or shallow intricate estuary, to another. The South Breton coast from Ushant to the Loire, the Scillies, the shifting channels and banks of the Essex shore—such were his favourite haunts, and the more intricate and difficult the navigation the greater was his joy. A strange and tricky harbour just ahead, a bare foot of water under his keel, the tide falling, daylight dying, a chart hopelessly out of date, and a hail from a boat warning him that it were madness to go on—these appear to have been the conditions and concomitants of complete happiness for that incorrigible amateur, Mr. Cowper. He seems to have been extraordinary lucky. He began asking for trouble at Oxford in 1867, when without any experience he took out a *Una* boat on the Isis in a strong breeze, met the 'Varsity eight in the Gut, and very nearly sank it, an escapade which caused the prohibition for ever after of sailing on the lower river. He continued to ask for trouble all his life, and very nearly got it in full measure over and over again, notably in entering Fowey harbour for the first time one black night with a chart that entirely misled him as to the lights. He attributes his escape on this occasion to a miracle, but not even miraculous luck would account for his lifelong immunity from disaster. He had, no doubt, a real *flair* for the kind of navigation that he loved and was perhaps not quite so incautious as his narrative suggests. On one occasion he found the entrance to a "narrow and evasive inlet" by anchoring and swimming ashore.

Although this volume contains accounts of the author's cruises in *Aristides*, *Mary* and *Undine I.* in the seventies, it is mainly a record of two years' voyaging in the *Lady Harvey* in 1892 and 1893. *Lady Harvey* was an old-fashioned yawl of 29 tons, 48 feet long, 13 ft. 6 in. broad, and drawing 6 ft. 6 in. Her mainboom was 30 ft. long, gaff 29 ft., and her mainsail (of heavy No. 1 canvas) had a hoist of 30 ft. With her long bowsprit, lofty topmast, heavy sails and elaborate rigging, a more un-

handy vessel of her size for a crew of one could hardly be found. She had no mast-winch, and her rigging included double topping-lifts, chain jib-halyards, spinnaker boom and gear, preventer stays, and mizzen with jigger-boom and lug sail. She is described as "spinning along with topsail, big jib, balloon-foresail, and later, spinnaker instead of the jib from topmast head to bowsprit-end, all as full and drawing as a steady off-shore breeze can make them." This is no snug cruising trim, but the sort of thing that calls for a racing crew, and what the practical reader wants to know is exactly how Mr. Cowper (a man, like McMullen, of no great physical strength) managed it. In his first six months in *Lady Harvey* he had come, he tells us, down Channel from Harwich to Dartmouth, a distance of some 260 miles,

threaded the puzzling mazes of the Thames estuary, probed the Essex and Suffolk estuaries as far as Farnbridge in the Crouch: the Colne from Rowhedge: the Stour up to Wrabness: the Orwell to Pinmill: the most coy and puzzling of all, Hamford water, the back-door of Walton-on-the-Naze: Rye to within a mile of the old town: passed through the Race of Portland: discovered Torbay and Dartmouth: thoroughly renewed my old intimacies with Isle of Wight waters, and done it all, for all practical purposes quite single-handed in 'a great lump of a boat' All this, too, without the least local help, pilotage, or advice even, except not to do it. With no Sailing Directions, and the most defective, damaged and ancient charts, without plans of Portsmouth or any important places or tricky channels such as the Needles Looe or Dartmouth entrance.

Yes, but how? We would not ask Mr. Cowper to deny himself and us any of the sprightly and wilful digressions into non-nautical matters with which his pages are constantly enlivened. For ourselves we have found them very agreeable, albeit one of them introduces the names of Ramsay MacDonald, Lenin and Trotsky into a conversation in Penzance Dock in 1892. But we would beg him in his next volume to take a leaf out of McMullen's famous book and tell us in much more detail precisely by what means and at what expenditure of time and strength he accomplished his heavy single-handed tasks. Let him look once more at McMullen's account of how he, single-handed, made sail on *Orion* and put to sea from Cherbourg, and he will realise how much he himself has left to the bewildered, and possibly incredulous, imagination of his readers. If he will take this hint, offered in all friendly sincerity, we can promise his second volume an even more admiring welcome than we now give to the first.

CERTAIN POETS

Seeds of Time. By John Drinkwater. Sidgwick. 3s. 6d. net.

Wheels. 1921. Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.

The Nazarene. By Allen Brockington. Macdonald. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. DRINKWATER becomes increasingly conscious of his poetic mission. He hardly aspires, even now, to the physical vestments of the Freshwater Tennyson, yet the broad-brimmed hat and the flowing cloak throw across the horizons of his new book a shadow somewhat larger than a man's hand. The too literal reader might object that Mr. Drinkwater's mere publication of this volume throws a certain dubiety upon the defiant quotation from 'Macbeth' with which it is prefaced:

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

Mr. Drinkwater throughout is too much occupied with Mr. Drinkwater. It is true of course that a lyric poet must be his own chiefest concern, yet only in a sense which Mr. Drinkwater rarely remembers. At the moments of his inspiration, he is to be a thing new-

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born and timeless, he is beyond biography; neither pride nor humility touches him, he is the harp-string plucked by the wind of the world. Above all he must not be concerned with poetic "shop." (The phrase must be condoned, for there is none other which so economically describes Mr. Drinkwater's offence):

In taverns none will I be seen
But can my daemon teach
My cloudy thought to wash all clean
In the bright sun of speech.

It is an admirable resolution, but one of more interest to the poet's friends than to the more impersonal admirers of his poetry. We are concerned with Mr. Drinkwater precisely after this laustral operation is concluded. It is for a similar reason we fail to sympathize with the analogy Mr. Drinkwater has demonstrated between his own treachery to poetry and the betrayal of the poetry called Christ. ("I let the rich world steal away, Without a song to keep"). Both betrayals are impressed upon the poet's mind by the crowing of a cock. This sententiousness is less dangerous when the poet passes from contemplation of himself to the bestowal of innocuous advices upon his acquaintance:

. . . Grieve not when her beauty pales,
And silence keeps the nightingales,
For that eclipse again will bring
The sun with all his birds to sing.

As the Cotswold piper, Mr. Drinkwater is as fresh and delightful as ever. He hardly recaptures the full and flawless music of 'Moonlit Apples,' but something of the former glamour hangs over his 'Lesson to my Ghost'; something of his old music stifles his new self-consciousness and gives us a poet again.

The contributors to the new issue of 'Wheels' do not, on the other hand, take themselves seriously enough. Mr. Osbert Sitwell is so deprecatory of his own ability that he has preferred to jingle the castanets of Mr. Vachel Lindsay:

The Mexican dwarfs can dance for miles
Stamping their feet and scattering smiles,
Till the Loud hills laugh and laugh again
At the dancing dwarfs in the golden plain.

Mr. Huxley is tired. He is aware that the poem of sophistication must have the superficial seeming of infinite languor, yet he has allowed himself to forget that this exquisite result is only to be obtained when the mind is taut, when every faculty is most scrupulously obedient to the poet's most fastidious caprice. He should consult once more the dancing of Mr. Jack Buchanan. Here is languor—to quote Arthur Symonds—"select, supreme, severe, an art." Mr. Huxley's 'Nero in the Circus' and 'Picture by Goya' are as listless as the latest stages in a too lengthy and elaborate repast. Mr. Barbor, in the manner of the Chinese poets, incorporates his own name in his writing:

The soul goes voyaging
Barbor's off on a new spindrift tack. . . .

Mr. Barbor is perhaps too prolix to suggest any further resemblance. Mr. Alan Porter strikes us as being represented at the Gerald Manley Hopkins stage of his interesting development. The close rhymes clank against each other like slow trucks suddenly brought together on a railway-siding. He should have been represented more worthily. The general air of lethargy is only too late in the day checked by the vigour of Miss Sitwell's 'Fantasia for Mouth-Organ.' It is as if the editor of this collection had been roused for one moment of hectic vitality from the slumber in which her contributors had swathed her:

The wheezy wind's harmonium
Seemed an enconium
Of life where one is
Free.
And as life was getting barrener
I set out as a mariner—
The hero of this epopee.

The volume concludes with a satire by Mr. Augustine Rivers upon certain contemporary poets. Such lines as

Wherever poet meets a poet brother
(Or makes an income by reviewing each other),

make it an object of mournful speculation that Mr. Osbert Sitwell, who formerly published some pungent satire under the name of "Miles," should tolerate an appearance between the same covers as the desolate Mr. Rivers. It was in English, was it not—Mr. Rivers makes us doubt it—that the 'Dunciad' and 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' once scourged the petty fools of verse?

What an injustice, even to any Blake, any Shelley, would not be such a wrapper as his publishers supply for Mr. Brockington's agreeable production, 'The Nazarene'! "This wonderful poem, of arresting beauty, enthralling interest and magical simplicity, was written after the war. That experience indicated sources of spiritual aid," we are told. And yet the same announcement makes criticism almost a work of supererogation. "The form of the poem settled itself. There was no restraint in the writing." But the greatest injustice to the demure talents and, we doubt not, the demure claims, of Mr. Brockington, is to follow.

The author—if he who wrote down the poem can be called the author—has no intention of challenging the Biblical record.

It is only left for us to record our conviction that the prestige of Mr. Brockington's predecessors remains at all points unassailed.

A CENTENARIAN

Flaubert à Paris, ou le mort vivant. Par Louis Bertrand. Paris: B. Grasset. Fr. 6.

THE recent celebration of the centenary of Flaubert's birth has produced, in the little work of fantasy here before us, a tribute not merely more amusing but perhaps essentially more instructive than any of the official manifestations. Filled with the horror of academic ceremonies, M. Louis Bertrand, instead of taking part in the public fêtes, determined to quit Paris, and organize a little centenary of his own in the spots associated with the memory of the great novelist. His scheme was attended by the most astonishing success, and involved an adventure which he does well to give to an expectant world. He started from Paris, and as the express approached Rouen, he became aware of a sort of Flaubertian atmosphere gathering about him. Arrived at the capital of Normandy, M. Bertrand began, instinctively, to search for traces of his hero, and his indignation was great to find monuments to Pouyer-Quartier and to Boildieu, but nothing to the author of 'Madame Bovary.' Pardon! In his pilgrimage he does find at last an insignificant statue, and he visits the house where Flaubert was born, which he thinks hideously neglected. He comes to the conclusion that Rouen is no place for his little private centenary, and he starts towards evening for Croisset, the novelist's river-side home and hermitage through so many years of laborious activity.

He is introduced into the little villa, with its pavilion and balcony overlooking the Seine, and he falls into a long reverie. He feels the Flaubertian atmosphere very strongly here, and he yields to it. As he gazes out over the river, a sort of dizziness sweeps over him, and he turns, in the gathering darkness, to the house. He finds the open window of a large room, which he had not noticed, and here, behind a writing-table and in the light of a lamp, he sees a human hand, armed with a goose-quill, scribbling feverishly. Suddenly he recognizes the famous library at Croisset, which Mme. Franklin-Grout has described. He approaches with infinite precaution, and discovers that the figure at the writing-table is no less than M. Gustave Flaubert himself, still alive and active at the age of a hundred years, though falsely stated by the encyclopædias to have died in 1880. There he sits, formidable and venerable, ex-

tremely keen and characteristic in spite of his years. After the first bewilderment of surprise, M. Louis Bertrand accepts the astounding fact, and engages the veteran in conversation. It appears that the novelist spread the rumour of his death in order to escape from the pertinacities of the *bourgeois*, and that he has now been concealed at Croisset for forty years. After a rather rough reception by the startled centenarian, M. Bertrand is forgiven and genially received, and Flaubert confesses that after so long a sequestration, he is not unwilling to meet the world again.

But what has he been doing all these forty years? What has he *not* been doing? On the shelves around him, he points out piles of manuscript, novels which he has completed during his years of retirement. He has written incessantly, and he is writing still. He points out to M. Bertrand, one after another finished masterpiece which the world has never seen. This is his Greek romance, 'La Bataille des Thermopyles,' which took him ten years to write. This is 'Sous Napoléon III,' a continuation of 'Education Sentimentale.' This is 'Suez,' a vast social novel, on the theme of Lesseps and the Khedive. Above all, here is the monument of monuments, the transcendental and philosophical story of 'La Spirale,' the crown and conclusion of his life's work. The reader is astounded at M. Bertrand's audacity in describing, even with some fullness, these unknown writings, until he realizes that M. Bertrand, as the editor of Flaubert, has had the opportunity of reading the copious notes in which the novelist described his intentions for the future.

Space fails us to describe the extremely entertaining scenes which follow. The visitor, finding the hero, in spite of his hundred years, in perfect health, persuades him to break through his confinement and come out into the world. Flaubert, after much hesitation, consents, and the pair set out for Paris. Here the difficulties of the situation become, in one respect, too much for M. Bertrand's invention. His account of the effect of Paris upon Flaubert, and of the nature of his impressions and reflections, is exceedingly amusing, and gives occasion for a great deal of satire, partly in fun and partly in earnest. But the astounding sensation which would be caused in literary society by the reappearance of an author of the highest eminence whose death was announced forty years ago is insufficiently rendered. The centenarian Flaubert is courteously and cordially welcomed in the *salons*, but without stupefaction. Perhaps it would be too much to expect realism in this matter. Flaubert soon has enough of Paris, and we leave him, very weary, being conducted back to Croisset. This is a little book full of wit and wisdom, and full, too, of searching criticism.

MRS. STIRLING AND HER STAGE

The Stage Life of Mrs. Stirling: with some sketches of the Nineteenth Century Theatre. By Percy Allen. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

"AMIDST the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old, it is something to have seen"—Mrs. Stirling as the Nurse in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Not that one need be in one's dotage, either, to have done so, since she played it with Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in 1882 and with Miss Mary Anderson in 1884, and happily one was a boy in those days, but it is a good while ago, and the passage of time is further impressed on us by reading that she was born in 1813. Remembering, however, the old lady's astonishing vivacity in the past, her abounding fun and geniality, it is less saddening or shocking than it usually is when one reads the biographies of people who have died old to go back to the days of her youth, and to behold her as R. Lake, R.A., engraved her in 1840, a vital, beautiful young woman. It was her vitality that carried her on the whole triumphantly through a long and difficult life. She was the daughter of Captain Hehl,

presumably of German origin, of a Guards regiment, who went and ruined himself and his family, so that it was from an unhappy home that she made her first appearance, round about 1830, in an out-of-the-way theatre, and started on a variety of parts. It was a lamentable time for the stage, but acting is acting, and the terrifying number of parts this young woman played, in how-ever idiotic plays, must all have helped to that technical accomplishment which made and preserved her position. Nor were they all idiotic plays. One of her earliest successes was Mrs. Foresight in Congreve's 'Love for Love.' Another great success—but we are coming to rather later days—was as Adrienne Lecouvreur, in which she followed Rachel and was by no means disgraced in the comparison. It is said that Rachel saw and applauded her in the little Strand Theatre. She created Peg Woffington, and was the firm friend of Charles Reade (of whose 'The Ladies' Battle' she had previously made a success) though she declined, it seems, a closer intimacy. (By the way, Mr. Allen speaks of him as "Vice-Chancellor" of Magdalen College, meaning Vice-President). In 1868 she retired, just before the Robertson drama showed a little light in the fog which—save for an occasional revival of Shakespeare or old comedy—had oppressed her stage career, and she remained off the stage for ten years, though in great request for speeches on behalf of stage charities and so forth. She returned to play the parts we mentioned in the beginning, to which might be added Mrs. Malaprop, and Martha in Irving's 'Faust'—a pity, for it tired her waning strength too much. Irving's 'Faust' was a very bad play. She died in 1895.

Such in rough outline are the salient events in Mrs. Stirling's stage life, which brought her of course into association with a host of famous actors and managers from Macready to Irving. Mr. Percy Allen, who is Mrs. Stirling's grandson, has filled in the outline very copiously. Sometimes, perhaps, he is too copious in his extracts from contemporary criticism, his recitals from letters, his views about the stage in different periods, or about the probable merits and demerits of dead and gone players, but his subject is the theatre as well as Mrs. Stirling, and lovers of stage history are apt to love trifles. He writes unobtrusively and lucidly. We think he is open to criticism as saying too much or too little of Mrs. Stirling's life off the stage. He says that he knows little about it and really need not have written about it at all. But he feels impelled to explain fits of depression which appear in her letters by a vague statement that her marriage was unhappy, and by saying that her devotion to her daughter stood in the way of stage work, which surely is not an obvious thing. He says also that her daughter was never allowed to speak to her after her marriage, and that her granddaughter used to pass her in the street without revealing her own identity. All this is very uncomfortable and distressing to read, and unnecessarily so: the matter should have been treated frankly or not at all. It is comforting to know that Mrs. Stirling's old age was solaced by her second marriage to Sir Charles Gregory, and by the devoted friendship of the actress to whose Juliet she best played the Nurse.

The life of a player always raises the ancient question of comparative merits of different generations. Reading once more such criticism as is given here of Mrs. Stirling and her fellows by their contemporaries, we cannot doubt that, however bad the plays, the art of acting was taken more seriously both by players and critics than it is now, and that technical efficiency was exacted and provided more constantly. The fault was over-expression, almost the only fault found with Mrs. Stirling and a probable defect of her great vitality. It seems better to express too much than to express nothing at all, which, with many shining exceptions, is the fault of the stage to-day. But it is a matter of taste, and perhaps we, who remember Mrs. Stirling's Nurse, really are growing old.

ENGLISH PHRASES

A Dictionary of English Phrases. By A. M. Hyamson. Routledge. 12s. 6d. net.

IT must be a sad heart that does not rejoice in this fascinating volume. Here you have catchwords and clichés, nicknames and sobriquets, all the useful, amusing things that the serious dictionary is too grand to recognize. Here they are, each with a definition and if possible a historical statement of source. We do not recollect meeting with a previous work which covers exactly this ground, and we believe that Mr. Hyamson is justified in his boast that thousands of references are given which are quite "new," that is to say will be sought in vain elsewhere. The best way to explain the system on which the book is grounded is to give an example. We look up "Sow by the ear, to have the right." How many people who use this pleasant expression are aware that the sow in question is not a female pig, but a large pickling tub with two handles, or that Henry VIII facetiously applied it to Wolsey when he made a reference to the Royal divorce which the King did not like? The same page reveals that to say that a person in good health is "as sound as a roach," refers to St. Roche, the guardian saint against pestilence, and not a fish. We browse on and find one juicy tit-bit after another.

An interesting department in this volume informs us of the circumstances in which phrases were invented, and in many cases of the date. For instance, "Survival of the Fittest" was coined, not by Charles Darwin as many people suppose, but by Herbert Spencer in 1864. In this connection, we are surprised that Mr. Hyamson does not include "Struggle for Life," with its ridiculous French derivative "struggle for lifeur." He does not fail to give most of the new personal terms, such as "maffick," invented in 1900, "boycott" in 1880, and "zeppelin" much later. It is extraordinary how soon words like these, once firmly adopted, throw off the recollection of their source, so that there are already hundreds of people who call making an unseemly nocturnal noise "mafficking" who have completely forgotten the uproar on the night when the relief of Mafeking was reported in London. The phrase "the Submerged Tenth" was coined by William Booth of the Salvation Army in 1890. We have always known that an "M.B. waistcoat" was a clerical garment opening behind or at the side, but we learn here for the first time that the term was invented in Puseyite days and that the initials stood for the Mark of the Beast.

In examining a work of this kind, it is a natural temptation to search for omissions. These are remarkably few, when we consider the wide and vague field which the scheme of such a dictionary covers. But while we find "grahamize," to open letters in the post as Sir James Graham did those of Mazzini, the much more frequent "graingerize," that is, to bind up in a volume engravings which illustrate it, has been forgotten. Again, the Shakespearean "red-lattice phrases," which has never passed into ordinary parlance, is given here, but not "red-letter days," which certainly ought to have been included and explained. We are in doubt regarding the use of "chestnut," as the definition of an old story repeated too often, characteristic of the person who "tells the jest without the smile," as Coleridge puts it. The recently published biography of the American painter Edwin Abbey claims the invention of this phrase for him, but it is also attributed to the actor, William Warren, of an earlier generation. These things often seem to spring spontaneously to life, and to belong to no single creator. In one direction, we think that Mr. Hyamson's zeal has been excessive. He is inordinately fond of what we may call comparative nicknames, such as "The Brighton of Scotland" and "The Cicero of Germany." These can be indefinitely developed, for we can always find a something to remind us of something else. Who called Dr. Samuel Johnson "The Polyphemus of Litera-

ture"? It was not a very felicitous phrase. We much prefer Mr. Hyamson when he explains that to eat "humble pie" is to show a subservient temper, because at hunt banquets the umbles—that is to say the heart, liver and so on—of the venison were made into pies for the servants. A templar, in "to drink like a templar," is not a knight, but a glass-blower, a *templier*. But we could go on for ever, picking these plums out of Mr. Hyamson's pie.

PAPUAN ADVENTURES

Last Days in New Guinea. By Captain C. A. W. Monckton. The Bodley Head. 18s. net.

IN this entertaining volume Captain Monckton continues the narrative from his recent 'Experiences of a New Guinea Magistrate.' We are not surprised to learn that he has been encouraged to complete the story by the "immediate success" of his previous work, for he is a very bright and breezy writer. Whether he describes the sterling qualities of his native police, the ineptitudes of his superior authorities, the wonders and difficulties of the virgin bush, or the vicissitudes of the miners or "diggers" in their precarious search for gold, he is always interesting. In this volume the chief incidents are the first ascent of Mount Albert Edward, the highest mountain in British New Guinea, and a long adventurous journey across the island. Both stories make good reading. Captain Monckton has a good many "growls," as he calls them, against the administration of British New Guinea in the days that succeeded the rule of Sir William Macgregor. Partly these growls are based on the excessive growth of bureaucracy, with its "strangle-hold" on the development of the country. Partly they are based on more serious charges. He states, for instance, that the stores issued to him for the last expedition which he undertook were "rotten rubbish"—bully beef which had been bought as salvaged stock from a sunken steamer, and rice so rotten that it had to be washed in boiling water to get rid of the stink before it was cooked. Captain Monckton thinks that New Guinea, if properly administered, might become to Australia all that Java is to Holland, instead of which it seemed fated, when he left in 1907, to become "the private estate of a blind and fatuous bureaucracy." We trust that there is less ground for such criticism to-day. Mr. Oldfield Thomas contributes two valuable papers describing the collection of mammals—several of them new to zoologists—which Captain Monckton sent home to the Natural History Museum.

ANGLO-AMERICAN LAW

The Spirit of the Common Law. By Roscoe Pound. Marshall Jones. \$2.50.

THE avowed intention of Mr. Roscoe Pound, Carter Professor of Jurisprudence in Harvard University, in publishing this series of lectures, appears to have been to indicate the elements and influences that have formed the traditional mode of thinking and deciding in Anglo-American Law. The writer gives no definition of the term "Anglo-American Law," and we can but assume that he means such part of the present Common Law of America as has been derived from English sources. The author's own views upon the subject appear to be somewhat confused, as he speaks to his American audience of "Anglo-American Law" and "Our Law" as if they were interchangeable terms. According to the foreword to this book, these lectures were published for the purpose of making "the mental stimulation in them available to wider groups than could be expected to be in attendance as auditors." One rather suspects that Professor Pound may have found some difficulty in stimulating the interest of his actual audience in some of the highly metaphysical considerations to which he endeavoured to call their

attention. Frankly the first sensation caused by a perusal of this book is one of disappointment that with such rich material Professor Pound has not arrived at more definite conclusions upon the questions he set out to discuss. In spite of this we confess that we were much interested in that part of the book devoted to the philosophy of Law in the nineteenth century, and in the author's remarks about philosophical and historical jurists. According to Professor Pound, who is nothing if not dogmatic, the historical jurists of America "conceived that a principle of human action or of social action was found by human experience, and was gradually developed into and expressed in a rule," and he goes on to say that they doubt the efficacy of legislation, and adhere most strongly to a legal system based upon doctrinal writing and legal decision only. To illustrate this point the author quotes a story of a professor to whom a question of commercial law was submitted. He returned an elaborate and thoroughly-reasoned answer, based upon the principles of the Roman Law. Upon suggestion that he had omitted to notice a section of the commercial code which appeared to govern the case, he responded that if the commercial code saw fit to go counter to reason and the Roman Law, it was no affair of his. Professor Pound obviously disagrees with this historical school of jurists, and we share his opinion, for though even in this country we get a great deal of what may be termed opportunist or panic legislation, the advancement of legal procedure can only properly be secured by the will of the people as expressed by its Legislature.

In other chapters Professor Pound properly points out the great extent to which Common Law in the States is permeated by the principles introduced by the Pilgrim Fathers of 1620, which not even the Revolution could extirpate, and by the pioneers of agriculture and industry in the American Continent. He also makes some trenchant remarks about Case Law which he terms "judicial empiricism," and in some adverse criticisms of "an elective judiciary" we entirely agree with him. From the purely English point of view, Professor Pound's observations as to the influence of "The Crown" and "the immemorial common law-rights of Englishmen" upon the Common Law of the United States of America, cannot fail to be of considerable interest to English jurists. In the last lecture, which is devoted to 'Legal Reason,' Professor Pound complains that a Court of Law in America merely a machine for grinding out judgments. We really cannot believe that, even with "an elective judiciary," things can be quite so bad as the pessimistic professor suggests, but however we may disagree with him in some of his conclusions, we must say that his book throws a new and interesting light upon the evolution of law in America.

NIGERIAN OUTPOSTS

Up Against It in Nigeria. By Langa Langa. Allen and Unwin. 18s. net.

THE author of this very readable book draws a lively and lifelike picture of the work of a political officer in Nigeria, whither he proceeded in 1909 as an Assistant Resident. He sketches the daily incidents of Nigerian life in a most amusing fashion. The picture of the "Scotch Club" at Bauchi is an admirable presentment of the gay-hearted lads who man the outposts of our Empire, and the lighter features of Nigerian life, riding, shooting, polo and so forth, furnish a great part of the book. The more serious part of the Assistant Resident's duties is also touched in with a firm hand. One of the author's first experiences was having to reduce a rebellious hill village to order with an army of two—an ex-police sergeant and an interpreter—and he frankly admits that he did not quite know how to manage it, with the result that a reinforcement forty strong had to be sent for and the spirit of the village broken by a full-dress attack. Even in normal times

the Political Officer in Nigeria lives under campaigning conditions which people at home scarcely realize:

One day losing his way, another his carriers, another his loads; sleeping as best he may under some friendly tree, with the earth for his bed and the moon for his candle; going without food or water for twenty-four hours at a stretch; swimming rapids at imminent risk during the wet season, and suffering a hundred discomforts of dust, heat and insects during the dry; working and travelling at high pressure with fever on him; above all, the Solitude, twin-sister of Sickness, mental and physical, days away from a white man, let alone a doctor, and relieved only by the endless chatter of the nigger—all these are in the order of the day, Peace or War.

The author seems to understand the native mind very well, and writes about it with sympathy as well as humour. A curious light is thrown on the relations too commonly subsisting between the white man and the African by the story of a native interpreter under whom the officer was studying Hausa. "For example," said Langa Langa, "suppose I cursed my boy for not putting the cruet on the table, and then found he had done so after all. How should I say: 'I'm sorry. I did not see it before?' " "Oh," he replied (in Hausa, of course), "you would say: 'Why the hell don't you put the cruet where I can see it at once?'" As an episode, the author gives a vivid description of the torpedoing of the *Falaba*, on which he had taken passage back to Nigeria in 1915. His account of the official inquiry into this incident is by no means pleasant reading.

Fiction

The Valley of Paradise. By Alfred Gordon Bennett. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

"THE first novel is almost certain to be, whatever else it is, full of industry and solemnity and fire." Such is Mr. Chesterton's well-advertised pronouncement, which may, or may not, be of universal application, but undoubtedly holds good for Mr. Gordon Bennett's initial essay in fiction. In token of his industry we may cite the lavish superabundance of material, sufficient not for one, but for three or four novels. His solemnity, as evidenced by an uncritical allegiance to the ideals which specially attract him, is equally apparent. (Mr. Bennett, we may observe, is obviously an American). Of fire too there is no lack, though to a cynical reader it may seem suggestive rather of November the fifth, than of a Yule log. He has, in fact, the defects of his qualities, crudeness, exaggeration and sentimentality. Yet he never lapses into dullness, that one unforgiveable sin. And with this merit are combined a wide range of interests and considerable vividness in description: both excellent endowments for a novelist. The earlier part of the story, which is staged in that fashionable locality, the Pacific, bears a suspicious resemblance to 'The Blue Lagoon,' but has some original features. For of the two protagonists, one represents the fine flower of Transatlantic civilization, while the other, a daughter of Nature, assimilates his instructions with a rapidity nothing short of miraculous. With this result, however, we do not quarrel, for the young couple's honeymoon adventures, diversified by conversations in idiomatic English, form, to our mind, the most pleasing portion of the book. Soon after the scene changes to Limehouse, and here we sup full of horrors, and meekly acquiesce in the author's complacent assertion that he, for one, does not fear to call a spade a spade. In evidence hereof he, like the Brothers Goncourt before him, writes the adjective "verminous," with five letters. We have no fault to find on this score either. But we do object to the mild improbability and uselessness of some details introduced. We cannot see, for example, any necessity for the diabolical murder of the Chinese boy. And we must decline to believe in the conversion to comparative respectability of a *fille de joie* through a platonic and philanthropic kiss, even though bestowed

by a layman and scented with choicest tobacco, the two circumstances which seem chiefly to have impressed her imagination. Then, once more, we are back in the Pacific, and regaled with melodrama fast and furious, terminating happily in the all-round triumph of virtue, or what may pass as such. Mr. Bennett should do better work in the future. His language is, on the whole, good, but he seems to share the not uncommon impression that *strata* is a singular noun.

What Became of Mr. Desmond. By C. Nina Boyle. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

TO rouse high hopes and subsequently disappoint them is to court resentment. Here, a reader will think while reading the first half of Miss Nina Boyle's novel, is one of the best mystery stories that has been published for long. The characters are sharply drawn and true to life, there is both humour and pathos, the style is good, and the puzzle set before us is fascinatingly baffling. He will rack his brains vainly in the endeavour to imagine any possible reason for the strange disappearance, and even stranger return, of Mr. Desmond; and will be prepared to accept delightedly any solution, however bizarre, that is within the bounds of possibility. And that, unfortunately, is what the author's solution is not. After six chapters of stimulating reality, we find ourselves suddenly plunged into melodrama. We meet Creole adventuresses; we penetrate secret passages; we are asked to believe in extraordinary coincidences, mistaken identities, psychology that is palpably false. This is not fair. There is no particular difficulty in inventing a riddle of the kind if one is permitted, when supplying the answer, to deal in the incredible; and incredible, we fear, we found Miss Boyle's answer to be. All the latter part of the volume is good enough fun, in the manner of a "film serial"; but it is not nearly good enough for the excellent opening. If the book had been worse throughout, we should have enjoyed it more; as it is we have an uneasy sense of having been "sold." We anticipated truth, and find ourselves offered, at last, only that form of fiction which, despite the author's arguments to the contrary, is stranger but generally far less interesting.

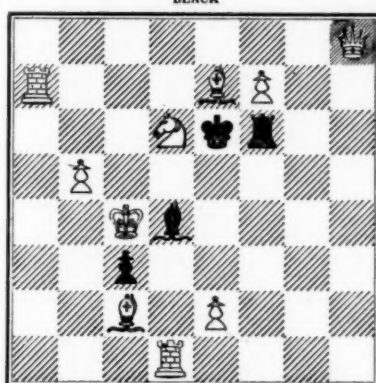
Greensea Island. By Victor Bridges. Mills and Boon. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is another of the fantastic romances of to-day in the writing of which the author of 'The Man from Nowhere' has established a reputation. It tells of how John Dryden, second officer of a mail-boat, suddenly receives a telegram telling him that a bad egg of an uncle, Richard Jannaway, has died and that he, as next of kin, inherits. The inheritance consists of a considerable sum of money, of Greensea Island off the Essex Coast, and of what appears to be a well-earned vendetta starting in one of the South American republics. As to own an island had been a boyish ambition of Dryden's, he refuses to sell to a Dr. Manning who presses an offer for it on him. Then the fun begins with an attempted assassination on the dock-edge, alarms and excursions round an invalid Spanish passenger on the mail boat, an attempted abduction of the heroine, his daughter, a successful robbery, and an attempt to burn the hero alive frustrated by the heroine's arrival in a bathing dress. A gaily-written exciting story full of adventure, with some good minor characters, and ending happily. What more could anyone want for a cosy evening by the fire?

Chess

PROBLEM No. 11.

By F. KIDSON.



White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him by Jan. 28.

PROBLEM No. 10.

Solution.

WHITE:

- (1) R (R3)—Rsq.
- (2) Mates accordingly.

BLACK:

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 9.—Correct from A. S. Mitchell, A. S. Brown, R. Black, C. O. Grimshaw and S. E. Lloyd.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. S. BROWN.—Many thanks: We reciprocate.

Advices from Havana indicate that Jose Raoul Capablanca, chess champion of the world, was married at that town on the 26th ult.; and all chess players will wish him happiness in his new state, coupled with the hope that he will not cease to provide his admirers with a sufficiency of those masterly examples of chess play which they have enjoyed for fifteen and more years. To this hope it is permissible for us to add our own that, in Mr. Bentley McLeod's words ('Lament of a Chess Player's Wife'), Señora Capablanca may not have occasion to say:

"Oh, who, then, would be a poor chess player's wife?
(His conduct an angel would vex!)
For chess quite engrosses my husband's whole life,
And the bills can't be paid with his 'checks'!
For evenings at home he no time can afford,
But chess clubs detain him till late;
I find to my grief that 'tis but on the board
A chess player cares for his 'mate.'"

Obiter dicta Caissae. III.

You cannot "let well alone" in chess play: if the "well" is yours, it will rapidly deteriorate; if your opponent's, as rapidly improve.

Shorter Notices

Philip's Handy-Volume Atlas of London (Philip, 7s. 6d. net). A predecessor of this volume, bearing the date 1904, has been our constant companion for more than fifteen years, and we are delighted to see in the eighth edition that it has been brought fully up to date, and is in every respect an admirable companion either for the Londoner or for the foreign or provincial visitor. The compact form and the clearness of the maps, each of which is complete in one page opening, make it extremely useful as a quick means of discovering the location of any street in the Metropolitan area; and even when we have been in quest of the most obscure addresses, we have never known it to fail us. Apart from its value as a practical guide to people whose business takes them over a wide area of London, it is a charming companion for the fireside on a wet evening, when imaginary journeys all over London may be taken in luxury and comfort, and the delightful game indulged in of finding the shortest possible route from one point to another. It is a book which ought to be in every London house.

Well known throughout the Far East as the editor of the *Peking and Tientsin Times*, Mr. H. G. W. Woodhead has just published the sixth issue of his *China Year Book 1920-1* (Simkin-

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Marshall, 30s. net). This publication, which is indispensable to everyone who wishes to have the most recent information about China, is remarkably well produced, considering that it was set up on Linotype machines operated by Chinese, many of whom did not understand English. The previous issues were printed and published in London, but the present work has been produced entirely in China by the Tientsin Press, Ltd. It extends to upwards of a thousand pages and has excellent maps. So far as we are aware, it is the most comprehensive work of reference on China that has ever appeared, and we unhesitatingly commend it.

Days and Nights of Shikar, by Mrs. W. W. Baillie (The Bodley Head, 12s. 6d. net), is the usual kind of book on big game shooting, made somewhat more interesting by the fact that all the hardships and dangers incurred by the sport were in this instance experienced by a woman. If Mrs. Baillie cannot write, at all events she can shoot, and the too-frequent examples of the emphatic italic which cover her pages may be forgiven her when we consider her long tale of heads and skins. For those who are not too squeamish about wounded tigers left (quite unavoidably) to die in the jungle and other episodes of that kind, Mrs. Baillie's book should prove very attractive.

The British School of Etching, by Martin Hardie, R.E. (Print Collectors' Club, 5s. net.) This is the inaugural lecture given to a recently formed club of print-collectors by its secretary. Mr. Martin Hardie is a "competent authority" on his subject, being keeper of prints at South Kensington, and himself an etcher. The ground he covers has been tramped over many times, but he takes a pleasant short saunter across it. The little book is nicely got up, illustrated by twelve reproductions of etchings, and introduced by Sir Frank Short.

Sperling's Journal this month contains three articles of outstanding importance. Sir E. Mackay Edgar reviews the opportunities of 'The Year of Crisis' which is upon us for good or evil; Mr. Hartley Withers in 'Empty Canoes' predicts the failure which seems to have come rather sooner than he expected; and Mr. Harold Cox shows the evil effects of 'The Trades Disputes Act' of 1906. The usual Statistical Summary and Monthly Reports make up the number. The Editorial Notes dwell on the 'Governing Capacity' of our rulers with little hope of any improvement.

Quarterlies

The *Quarterly* opens with a second article by Mr. C. R. Haines on 'Recent Shakespearean Research.' Mr. Haines inclines strongly to the theory of the personal bearing of the Sonnets, urges the necessity for a new and critical one-volume edition of the complete works, and discusses the doubtful and apocryphal plays; rejecting 'Arden of Faversham' and the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' but allowing a touch of Shakespeare's hand in 'The Merry Devil of Edmonton' and 'The Birth of Merlin.' He accepts too literally the romance of Warburton's cook, demolished some years ago. Sir James G. Frazer has one of his charming papers on 'London Life in the Time of Addison.' Why is there no tablet set up to mark the site of Will's coffee-house? Mr. Gosse commemorates the unobtrusive life and genius of his friend Austin Dobson in one of the short papers in which he is at his best. Mr. Evelyn Howell describes 'River Control in Mesopotamia' in an article which stimulates our admiration for the great rulers of the past who grappled successfully with problems we can hardly touch to-day. Miss Pope-Hennessy writing in 'Political Demonology' examines the basis in fact of the extraordinary legends put forward by some popular writers of "history," both in England and in Germany. Mr. Drinkwater's appreciation of 'William Ernest Henley' reduces his poetry and drama of value to very small compass, but praises him, in a modified way, as a critic. An article on 'Monarchism in Central Europe' sums up the result of the war by saying "two Emperors, five Kings, five Grand Dukes, six Dukes, and seven Princes all . . . reigning sovereigns have lost their thrones," and proceeds to examine the chances of return for any of them. Mr. Buchan contributes a fine personal eulogium of General Henderson, and Mr. Headlam-Morley describes 'Russian Diplomacy before the War.' But why does he use the German form of Russian names? There is an authorized English transliteration, besides two or three others. An excellent number for general reading.

The *Edinburgh Review* is more and more given up to economics and politics, and has little space to spare for literary subjects this time. A review by Mr. Marriott of Lord Salisbury's life under the title 'The Tory Tradition' is more than laudatory, and turns a blind eye to any faults that might be found in him as a statesman. Prof. Strahan writes at some length on 'Byron in Italy,' taking up the career of the poet at his departure from England, and following it till his death. The article shows Byron as continually longing for a reconciliation, and emphasizes the unlikelihood of the identification of the Astarte of 'Manfred' with Byron's sister. Modern readers, unfamiliar with such fiction as Monk Lewis's and that of his school, are hardly likely to be able to place such a story as 'Manfred' in its proper rank. Sir Archdale Reid treats 'Lunacy and Mental Deficiency' from the scientific side, and shows the urgent need for dealing with the propagation of idiot stock among us. Mr.

Kiddy deals with the question of exchanges, which is also touched on by the editor in a paper on 'Politics and Unemployment.' M. Cammaerts celebrates the age-long recuperative power of Belgium. Mrs. Edward Clodd urges more efficient 'Protection of Wild Birds,' and Mr. William Crooke describes the history and origin of 'The Moplahs of Malabar.' Mr. Vivien Gabriel ascribes 'The Troubles of the Holy Land' to our indiscreet Zionists. A number full of solid reading.

In the *Scottish Historical Review* Mr. Geo. Neilson publishes three charters which throw additional light on the site of the battle of Langside. Mr. N. M. Scott publishes 'Documents relating to Coal Mining in Saltcoats' soon after the Union. An American scholar, Mr. A. T. Volwiler, recalls Robert Owen's attempt to get a hearing at the Peace Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818 for his scheme of Socialism. The minutes of a Diocesan Synod of Lothian in 1611 are printed in full with notes, and there are some illustrated notes on pre-Reformation Glasgow, and interesting reviews and other communications. A review of first-rate importance for the history of Scotland.

In *Science Progress* the summaries of 'Recent Advances in Science' are unusually readable by the layman this time, touching on general principles rather than details. 'The Law of Refraction,' by Dr. Houston, is instructive to the experimenter, and Mr. Fisher's 'Soil Reaction' shows the agriculturist some of the pitfalls the analytical chemist has to escape. Mr. Toy describes in a clear and readable way 'The Story of Transits,' when Venus and Mercury cross between the earth and the sun at intervals. There are some valuable notes on 'Mosquito Control,' in which the danger in England from these pests is insisted on. Coroners' juries at present return verdicts of "Accidental Death" when people died from insect-bites, the causes of whose virulence is quite unknown. We commend this review to libraries.

The *French Quarterly* contains in its last number an unpublished letter of Sainte-Beuve to Matthew Arnold with an account of their friendship; an argument in favour of a new edition of Pascal's 'Apologie'; a paper on 'La France et les pays Rhénans'; some notes by M. Chouville on the new *Pléiade* of our days; and the usual invaluable notes on books and bibliography, indispensable to all who would keep abreast of French scholarship.

Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

- Death and Its Mystery Before Death.** By Camille Flammarion. Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d. net.
Horace: Odes and Epodes. A Study in Poetic Word Order. By H. Darnley Naylor. Cambridge University Press: 20s. net.
The Complete Works of Sir Philip Sidney in Three Volumes. Vol. II. Edited by Albert Feuillerat. Cambridge University Press: 12s. 6d. net.
What Japan Thinks. Edited by K. K. Kawakami. Macmillan: 10s. 6d. net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- A Short History of British Expansion.** By James A. Williamson. Macmillan: 25s. net.
History of Holland. By George Edmundson. Cambridge University Press: 22s. 6d. net.
The Origin of Tyranny. By P. N. Ure. Cambridge University Press: 35s. net.
The Secrets of a Savoyard. By Henry A. Lytton. Jarrold: 6s. net.

ECONOMICS

- A Primer of Taxation.** An Introduction to Public Finance. By E. A. Lever. King: 2s. 6d. net.
The Trustee's Handbook. Extracts from 'Snell's Principles of Equity' and 'Williams On Real Property.' Sweet & Maxwell: 3s. 6d. net.

NATURAL HISTORY AND TRAVEL

- An Admiral's Yarns.** By Admiral Sir Charles Dundas of Dundas. Jenkins: 16s. net.
Fungi. By Dame Helen Gwynne Vaughan. Cambridge University Press: 35s. net.
Wild Bush Tribes of Tropical Africa. By G. Cyril Claridge. Seeley Service: 21s. net.

FICTION

- Children of Transgression.** By G. Vere Tyler. Fisher Unwin: 7s. 6d. net.
Figures of Earth. By James Branch Cabell. The Bodley Head: 8s. 6d. net.
Mary Wollaston. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Nash & Grayson: 7s. 6d. net.
Quill's Window. By George Barr McCutcheon. Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d. net.

(We are obliged to hold over the remainder of the list.)

21 January 1922

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with its promise of credits and reorganised trade, brings a promise of RESTORATION FOR RUSSIA. But it cannot meet till MARCH, and some months may pass before the effect of its decisions is felt.

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One village, Kano (he wrote) with a normal population of 3,000 has now only 1,100 inhabitants left.

In a shelter for foundlings at Marxstadt, out of 100 children, 42 had died in the previous 24 hours.

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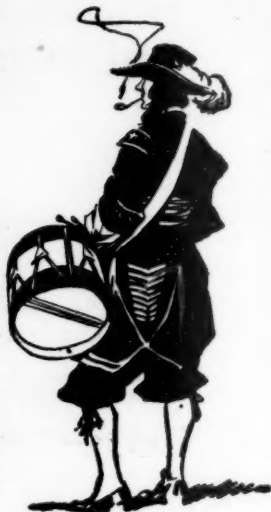
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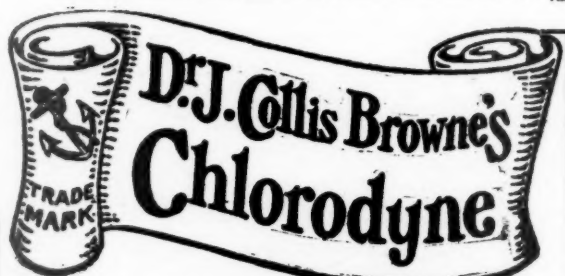
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